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Week of March 5, 1944

Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story On Next Page

96 Years of Trouble for the World's Unluckiest Town

HIGH up in the long list of places that have been recommended as a place of exile for Adolf Hitler is the little Hungarian village of Kaplona. The reputation of the community alone should drive the ex-house painter goofier than he is—and his chances of living long would be slim.

At the moment the population of the world's unluckiest town is 40 and they are sticking around because they are old or crippled, or both, and haven't the will to pull up stakes and go somewhere else.

Not long ago the village historian finally made up his mind to move to some healthier spot. Before he left he presented the mayor—who is a paralytic—with a Bible in the back of which the scribe had set down the long list of disasters that have hit Kaplona during the past 96 years.

The catastrophes began in 1848, during the Hungarian revolt against Austrian domination. Kaplona's men paid the price for participating in the revolt. They were conscripted into the Hungarian army. Then, to punish all in the town, Austrian troops burned it to the ground.

The ashes were still smoldering when rain began to fall, and the weeping townsfolk cursed the downpour for coming too late. The rainfall continued. Kaplona, deep in a valley, was flooded. Eight drowned.

Since then Kaplona has known no let-up. Three years after the fire and flood the town was in the grip of diphtheria, to which half the population succumbed.

In 1861 wolves, bears and wild boars swarmed into Kaplona. The carefully tilled fields were ruined by the boars. Horses, cows and domesticated hogs fell prey to the wolves and bears. And there was another diphtheria plague in 1864.

Five years later all but 97 houses in Kaplona were leveled by fire. Scores of inhabitants were burned to death. Only 200 were left.

By that time the residents of Kaplona, and most of central Hungary, believed that an evil spirit lurked in the village. Exorcism failed. The town's inhabitants decided to flee. They pooled their entire wealth, 18,000 florins, to purchase land elsewhere, away from the curse. A committee of eight was delegated to negotiate the deal at the county seat.

The committee was preparing to set out when bandits swarmed into the town, slew every committeeman, and made off with the 18,000 florins.

For several years the village enjoyed such respite from the curse that in 1875 they celebrated with a festive ball in the inn. One reveler obtained a keg of gunpowder. There was a tremendous explosion. Seventeen celebrants were killed.

There was another fire in 1881. It spared 63 houses but leveled the only church.

The side of one of the mountains flanking Kaplona tumbled down on the village in 1900, burying the northern half. That left only 33 homes.

During the First World War 21 men of Kaplona fought at the front. Nine were killed. None came home without a wound. One brought with him, as a souvenir, a hand grenade. The grenade exploded, killing the veteran and wounding almost all the welcoming villagers.

In 1938, none of the inhabitants could pay his dog license. So every animal was killed. Scarcely had this been accomplished when an army of foxes devoured all the poultry.

The men of Kaplona are not fighting in this present war. None is young or strong enough. The village's desolation is complete.

Only 33 Houses Were Left in the Jinxed Community When the Side of a Mountain Let Go and Buried Half the Town Under Tons of Rock.

Big Words the Public Swallowed

Just Before the Civil War Many Americans Died From the Mysterious Ailment Doctors Put Down As "Marasmus."

BACK in the 1850's American doctors worked hard and cured a lot of people of what ailed them. But the science of medicine—especially diagnosis—was considerably less accurate than it is today, and the medicos, often puzzled as to the cause of a death, went in for big words that meant little.

This interesting situation was revealed in a recent study of the claim files of the Aetna Life Insurance Company from 1850 through the Civil War.

One physician, for example, had his 29-year-old patient dying from "marasmus." This sounded very learned and scientific but a look at the dictionary reveals that marasmus means "a gradual and continuous wasting away of the bulk of the body from some morbid cause."

Another doctor listed the cause of the death of his patient in the curiously Latinized phrase "pneumonia neglecta," while one of his colleagues used the word "inanition" to explain a sick man's demise. That was only a highfalutin way of saying that the patient starved to death.

But one doctor called a spade a spade. As cause for death, he wrote —"Kicked in the head by a horse."

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

Interpreted by JOHN ERSKINE from "Amadis of Gaul," the World's No. 1 Love Story.

TO THE court of King Lisuarte came a woman in black, who said her father and uncle were imprisoned by an enchantress who wouldn't give them up unless two excellent knights should ransom them. Lisuarte was in a reckless mood. "Choose any two of my knights," said he. So she chose Amadis and his brother Galaor.

She took them to the Forest of Ill Will, and there by the roadside they found tents, with servants waiting and carpets spread, but when they expected supper or some such entertainment, fifteen armed men appeared and took them prisoner. Then they were told the only way to be free of the enchantress was to woo her in love, to which Amadis, remembering Oriana, said he preferred death, but Galaor said the idea had merits and he would consider it, which he did. The name of the enchanting lady was Madasima. Out of kindness toward Galaor, she let both knights go free.

Now this was the work of Arcalaus, who had designs on the kingdom of Greater Britain. He continued his plotting until Lisuarte was in his power, and the price of ransom was the Princess Oriana. So she was clad for a journey and mounted on a palfrey and surrendered to a giant who kept his visor down to hide his face. The giant was Arcalaus himself. Then King Lisuarte rode in pursuit, but, falling into an ambush, was captured.

When the news of all these disasters reached Amadis and Galaor, they rode in search of Arcalaus, following many rumors of fast-riding knights and fair prisoners. At one place they found a knight lying dead by the roadside, slain by a passing traitor who carried with him the fairest damsel in the world. He killed the knight for merely asking who they were.

So Amadis buried the body and hurried on.

At last he found a hermit in a valley near a castle, and the hermit said that Arcalaus, the enchanter, was in the castle, which belonged to Grumen, a cousin to Dardan and enemy to King Lisuarte. Then Amadis knew he had found what he looked for, and he waited outside the castle gate until Arcalaus rode forth with four companions, and Oriana in their midst, a prisoner.

Amadis struck so hard at Arcalaus that he knocked him off his horse. Then he ran Grumen through with his spear. Then he cut down the other three, one by one, in a great clatter of steel so that Oriana swooned with the noise and the danger and the fear that Amadis might be overwhelmed. Then she felt herself gathered up in strong arms, and gave a shriek, and Amadis, glancing in her direction, saw Arcalaus on his horse again, pulling Oriana up to the saddle in front of him.

Amadis struck at Arcalaus carefully, wounding him in the shoulder, and Oriana fell to the ground. The enchanter threw away his shield, spurred his horse, tried to escape, but Amadis struck quickly with the end of his sword and might have slain Arcalaus had not Oriana been lying all this time on the ground, he knew not whether dead or alive. So he alighted and knelt down beside her and kissed her, and she kissed him back, and he knew she was not dead.

(Next week Mr. Erskine will interpret another romantic incident from "Amadis of Gaul.")

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Mary Adam, Los Angeles, Calif.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Los Angeles skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, brighter, *clearer!* Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, can look for these Beauty Results in only 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"Sure clothes get dirty...but dirt washes out so easy in Super Suds"

EXTRA SUDS!"

"The children love to rough-house with their father. That's Joan on her father's back. The other two are Jerry and Jacky, and Bette, the baby, is on my lap."

"I sure tackle heavy wash with a lighter heart now, with SO MUCH MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS," says Mrs. Betty Daly

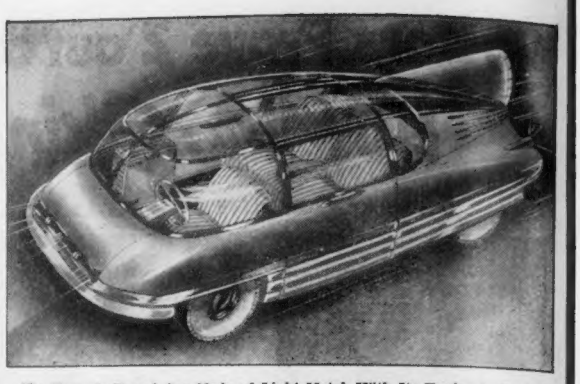
"JOAN is a regular little terror for gettin' her clothes dirty, but the others are bad enough. I just *had* to find a soap that gave MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS, and I sure found it in new Super Suds. Gracious, what a difference it made in the wash. THOSE SPUNKY EXTRA SUDS just sail through stubborn dirt. I find I've got *free time* I never had before, because I really do get through my wash quicker with new, sudsier-than-ever Super Suds."

"I GOT A MISERABLE AMOUNT OF SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP, AND THEY GAVE OUT AWFULLY FAST."
"SAY LOOK AT THE HEAPS OF UP-AND-AT-'EM SUDS I GOT FROM SUPER SUDS. CHAMPION LASTERS, TOO"
"THESE BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS SURE MADE RINSING A BOTHER. AND THEY'RE NOT MAKING SUDS, EITHER."
"THERE'S NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... MAKES SUPER SUDS GO FARTHER!"
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
Super Suds
Super Suds
FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Then do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even cool or hard water will do. See if you don't get MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTING SUDS, from Super Suds.

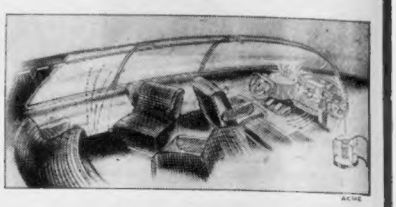
★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ **Vital war materials are used in making soap**

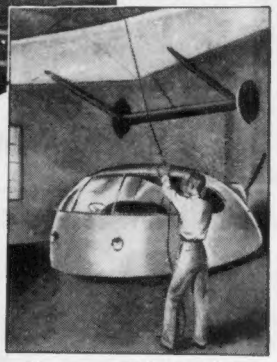
The Aerocar, Still Just a Designer's Dream of a Flying Automobile With Wings That Come Off for Highway Use.



The Torpedo-Shaped Car Made of Light Metal, With Its Engine in the Rear, Swivel Armchairs (Below), and "Hotel Service" Is 10 Years Away.

You Won't Get 'Em Soon AFTER the War Either





The Aerocar Without Its Wings, Ready for the Road.

The Automobiles of the Future Will Be Sturdy, Cheap, Easy-Riding and Good to Look At, But Irate Scientists Forecast They Won't Be Those Fantastic "Designers' Dreams" Most People Look Forward To

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

EVERYBODY knows what the average family car looked like up to 1943. Some believe the post-war automobile will be fantastic by comparison.

But it won't be, at least not for several years.

The kind of car you buy when peace comes will be ordinary-looking, sturdy, cheap and easy-riding, but it won't be shaped like a comet, have running water and hotel service or anything else cooked up in a dream world. It will look something like your present car with a new coat of paint.

This is the prediction of scientists and designers who have just found out that factories can't make "the car of the future" until conditions, material and tools warrant — and this means about 10 years.

As one scientist put it, "If you think you're going to be able to step into one of those beetle-bug streamlined cars right after the war, you're crazy.

"Sure, I've seen the pictures, too. So what? Any artist can draw anything, but that doesn't prove you can make, eat, drink or sell it—at least for some time."

Engineers and manufacturers point out that using light metals such as aluminum and magnesium in automobiles isn't comparable to using them in airplanes.

In the first place Joe Doakes isn't going to want to, or be able to, pony up the money for an aluminum car for a long time. That metal costs thirty cents a pound compared to steel at three cents. Although fewer pounds will be needed, the cost ratio will be 5 to 1.

If he had a streamlined aluminum "bus," it would be harder to get it repaired than the finest Swiss watch, and just about as costly in comparison. Garages aren't equipped for that kind of work yet.

But even if he had the money, Mr. Doakes would have to wait until manufacturers learn how to press whole body tops and fenders out of the lightweight metal sheets. The curvature in automobiles is much greater than in airplanes and makes shaping a different problem altogether.

A new low-cost way to do spot welding also must be devised. Aluminum in airplanes still is riveted.

Similar problems arise when plywood and plastic bodies for cars are considered, and the beetle-bug type of family carry-all will have to wait, although, no doubt, there will be a few show pieces and experimental models to tempt persons interested in novelty.

Putting the engine in the rear of the vehicle is one trick dream-car designers love to play with, but maybe even that isn't so smart. It puts the driver out in the nose of his chariot with only a thin piece of metal, plastic or glass between him and oncoming objects. In a head-on collision he'd be much worse than unlucky.

In fact, it's now agreed that such conveyances are built purely for the comfort of the backseat riders—and frequently there are none.

When the engine is in the rear, the front seat is over the front axle and the driver has no door from which to leave. He must crawl to the rear to get out.

There is less pessimism about the chance for great speed in cars after the war, but its achievement will depend on high-test gasolines to which motors will be adapted. That will mean longer mileage and greater power with the same sized motor.

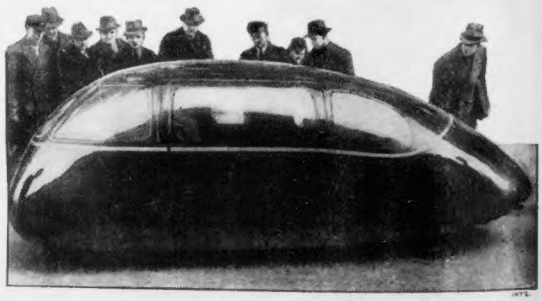
Automatic gear shifts, already introduced in the late models of some cars, will probably be available in all of the new models.

Farmers will inherit the Army's metal mule—the jeep. Some already have spoken for it.

With its four-wheel drive, the sturdy automotive roustabout can take the place of a tractor, go to town for the groceries and also herd the cows. In plowing, sowing and harvesting it will become indispensable, and running a jeep is relatively inexpensive.

In contrast, the aerocar everyone may own some day is just a pipe dream for early peace years.

With its wings off, this soaring automobile should do 70 miles on the ground, and up in the air it's supposed to do better than 100. But there's no need to buy any new aerocar gauntlets or "dusters" yet.



Germany's Tear-drop-Shaped "Beetle" Actually Did Get Into Production But Not for Long; and (Below) the Lowly Jeep, or "Metal Mule," Which WILL Be Available to Farmers in Abundance After the War.

Lord Castlerosse, the "Penniless Peeress'" Fourth Husband, Had 300 Pounds Avoirdupois as Well as Lots of Pounds Sterling.

Heir Hoax of the "Penniless Peeress"

Enid's $10,000,000 Bequest From Her Third Husband, Lord Furness, Is Tied Up by Litigation.

By GEORGE O'NEAL

SURELY you've heard of the Lakes of Killarney —so sweetly and so often extolled by nostalgic Irish tenors (most of whom never saw them)? Then you'll appreciate the ardent sentiments that provided the conflict for a little comedy of errors enacted not long ago in that lovely locality.

The scene was Kenmare House, hereditary seat of the Earls of Kenmare, and the chief characters were 51-year-old Enid, recently widowed Countess of Kenmare, called the "Penniless Peeress," and her brother-in-law, Major Gerald Desmond Ralph Browne, heir presumptive to the title of Earl of Kenmare and 140,000 rich Irish acres, including the fair Lakes of Killarney.

More than any misty-eyed Irish tenor, Enid and Gerald both cherished those rich acres and fair lakes — but for somewhat different reasons.

Gerald was deeply attached to them because they had passed right on down through six noble generations until now, he presumed, as heir presumptive, they belonged to him.

But Enid was equally devoted to them because she had passed right on up to THEM, through four successful marriages, until now, as widow of the late earl, she was in temporary possession.

So it's no wonder she was annoyed when Gerald started looking over the estate, with a view toward putting in improvements. Unfortunately, he was a bit ahead of time — the law stipulates he can't take over until 11 months have elapsed since the death, last fall, of his brother, the Sixth Earl of Kenmare and Enid's fourth husband.

Enid Had Reached the Social Stratosphere, But Needed Another Son to Stay There.

Gerald's main error was in making his premature survey with undisguised enthusiasm, while hers was the resentment aroused by his briskness.

"Heir presumptive, indeed!" she said, in effect. "Perhaps you're presuming too much — perhaps you'd better make some inquiries into the precise meaning of that term!"

But Gerald already knew that an heir presumptive is a man or boy who will inherit somebody's estate (and titles, if any) provided no closer male relative is born during that 11 months interlude. So he said:

"Just what are you implying?"

What she was implying, of course, was that she was an expectant mother and that, if the child was a boy, he would be Earl of Kenmare and would inherit everything.

A baby at her age — at 51? It was improbable, but not impossible. Still, she stuck to her story, so Gerald left.

News like that doesn't stay put. Before long, Enid's friends were writing, phoning and cabling — for heaven's sake, why hadn't she told them? The situation became so embarrassing she finally admitted that it was all an inadvertent hoax. She hated so much to give up those lovely lakes that she'd invented that "wishful thinking baby" on the spur of the moment, just to take Gerald down a peg and keep him wondering.

How much it would have meant to her to have the advantages that would have been hers as the mother of a wealthy earl can best be understood by a glimpse of her marital career.

As 18-year-old Enid Lindman, daughter of an Australian wine merchant, she once dreamed about climbing a symbolic ladder to a dizzy level of social prominence — and promptly determined to make that dream come true through marriage to some well-heeled British aristocrat.

But rather than risk failure at the start with a frontal attack, she adopted a sort of modified Schlieffen plan, undertaking to encircle her ultimate objective by first apparently by-passing it, through marriage to a well-to-do American — Roderick Cameron.

Not long after Mr. Cameron's death, she married a distinguished Briton, Brig. Gen. Frederick Hart Cavendish, by whom she had two children, Philip and Patricia. Her first big social triumph, however, came some time after the general's death, when she became the third and last wife of the late Viscount Furness, fabulously rich shipping magnate—thus succeeding his second wife, Thelma Morgan, twin sister of Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt.

That triumph was cut short in 1940 when Lord Furness died in France, leaving a will with one codicil revoking legacies previously bequeathed to Enid, and another codicil, signed shortly before his death, reinstating her with a $10,000,000 legacy.

But before Enid had a chance to get hold of that huge legacy, her predecessor, Thelma Morgan, tied up the whole estate indefinitely with a lawsuit on behalf of her son, Tony, Lord Furness' legal heir, contending that that last codicil had been signed under duress.

Enid denies that, but there's little hope of settling the suit until after the war because essential witnesses are stranded in France.

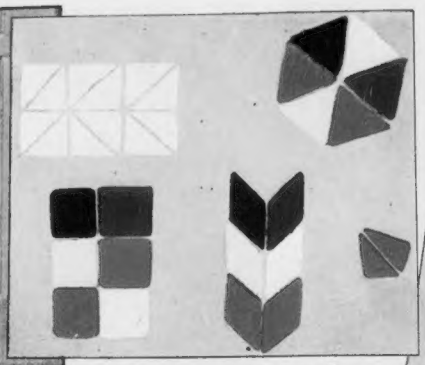
For a while, Enid had to live on such a modest scale she was called the "Penniless Peeress." Then she was rescued by her marriage early last year to Lord Castlerosse, the 300-pound Earl of Kenmare, who had also accumulated lots of pounds sterling as England's most popular gossip columnist.

But his death last fall left her again in financial and social doldrums — all of which helps to explain her impulsive invention of that "wishful thinking baby."

Enid's Inadvertent Hoax Was Largely Prompted by Her Devotion to the Lovely Lakes of Killarney, Which Soon Go to Her Brother-in-Law.

Explore

Elizabeth Wagner, Confessed Poisoner, and the Simple Block Patterns She Made, With a Separate Unit for Each Shape (Above Right) That Saved Her From Punishment.



A Normal Person's Design Starts From the Center, Uses Many Different Shapes and Colors and Is Well Organized.

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL

A HUMAN clam might hide his likes and dislikes from his friends forever simply by refusing to open his mouth. But the best "no-speak" attitude in the world probably won't help a person conceal his self-torturing fears and foibles from science any more.

Using a new device which turns to good advantage man's never-failing habit of performing telltale acts unconsciously, Dr. Frederick Wertham, widely-known psychiatrist of Queens General Hospital, New York, now can make anyone's personality quirks as transparent as cellophane.

When a patient enters the hospital's Mental Hygiene Clinic, Dr. Wertham usually passes his famous cocktail tray.

But there is a conspicuous absence of hors d'oeuvres and pick-me-ups. It's loaded with many small wooden squares, oblongs and triangles, brightly colored and not unlike a miniature set of baby's building blocks.

This array of nursery-school playthings appeals, we're told, to one of the most primitive creative impulses of the human race—some apes have it too, it seems—the irresistible desire to make pictures.

The patient goes to work eagerly with the colored bits, but is entirely unaware that his masterpiece is going to give his inner self away. Like the strange "doodler's drawings" one makes on a telephone pad, or the images one sees in a floating cloud, the things Dr. Wertham's visitor does or doesn't build, science finds, have a definite psychological meaning.

If the block artist is a sane and normal creature—with a minimum of buried yens—he'll start putting together a mosaic in the center of the tray. In it he'll use pieces of many different shapes and colors in an orderly design.

If he's more imaginative, but still definitely on-the-beam mentally, he may make fruits, flowers—maybe even a nostalgic likeness of the bird on Nellie's hat. These reproductions will look like what they're meant to be, both in form and color.

There'll be tasteful or realistic amounts of red in any normal person's work of art, but when the pattern looks like that flag folks used to be afraid to wave in a properly-occupied pasture, there's danger on the patient's mental front.

The builder who uses too much red, experts say, is excited emotionally and may become violent on very slight provocation.

Since normal persons aren't especially in need of finding out they're not "teched," it's fairly obvious that the technique was developed to disclose warped brain conditions, and perhaps, by uncovering the cause of the trouble, help in formulating a course of treatment.

Although it was Dr. Wertham who developed the block game, with a generous financial grant from the Child Neurology Research Friedsam Foundation, other astute investigators of conflicts that throw a monkey wrench into the smooth operation of man's mind are adopting the idea.

These tests are found useful in weeding out from society persons who are likely to commit crimes or those who have suicidal tendencies. Several times the colored blocks have played an important part in homicide investigations.

The most outstanding of these was the case of Elizabeth Wagner, a twenty-two-year-old factory worker in Astoria, N. Y. According to her confession to the police, she put rat poison in orange juice and milk which she gave to her two brothers.

Both boys died.

Previous deaths in the family, attributed to natural causes, were cited as slightly mysterious and possibly indicating that here was a budding Borgia. But Dr. Wertham, then at Bellevue, pointed out the girl had already been in a mental hospital, and was not too bright. This was backed up with results from the mosaic tests.

Given the small colored shaps of the block game, Elizabeth made the crudest possible designs. She put all the squares together regardless of color. Then she did the same with the oblongs and triangles.

Such a pattern already had been demonstrated by many clinical trials to be the one mentally deficient people are most likely to make. Recommendations based on these results were that the girl be sent to a mental institution instead of being brought to trial.

The question arises, could the girl merely have fooled the psychiatrist and so saved herself?

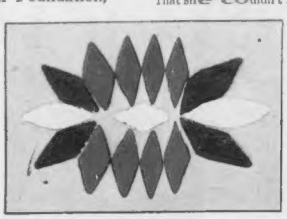
That she couldn't have done so is indicated by another case; that of a criminal charlatan who hoped to escape punishment by pretending to be crazy. Instead of making an automatic picture as his mind dictated, he deliberately constructed a meaningless jumble of colors and shapes.

But the haphazard and seemingly crazy mosaic didn't fit the symptoms he was faking.

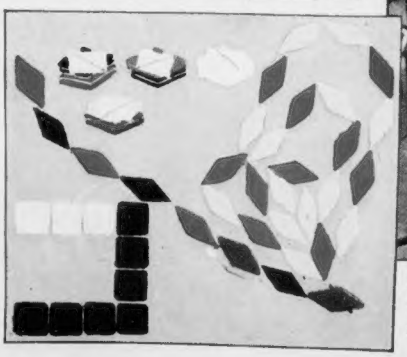
Malingerers feigning mental shock from accidents so they can collect compensation, and men pretending to be unbalanced to avoid the draft, quickly give themselves away in every case for the same reason.

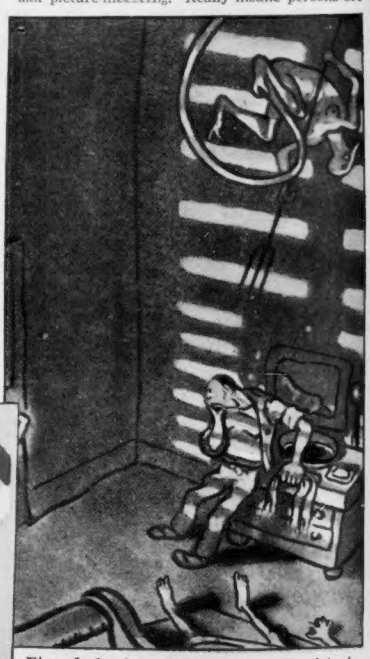
Each type of mental upset or actual insanity, experts recently reported to the American Neurological Association, influences its victims to use definite, easily distinguished symbols in their picture-making. Really insane persons are

Emotional Conflict Shows Up in This Mosaic Constructed by a Man Who Tried to Commit Suicide.



A Manic-Depressive Used Many Red Pieces But Only One Shape and Left Most of the Points Jutting Out.

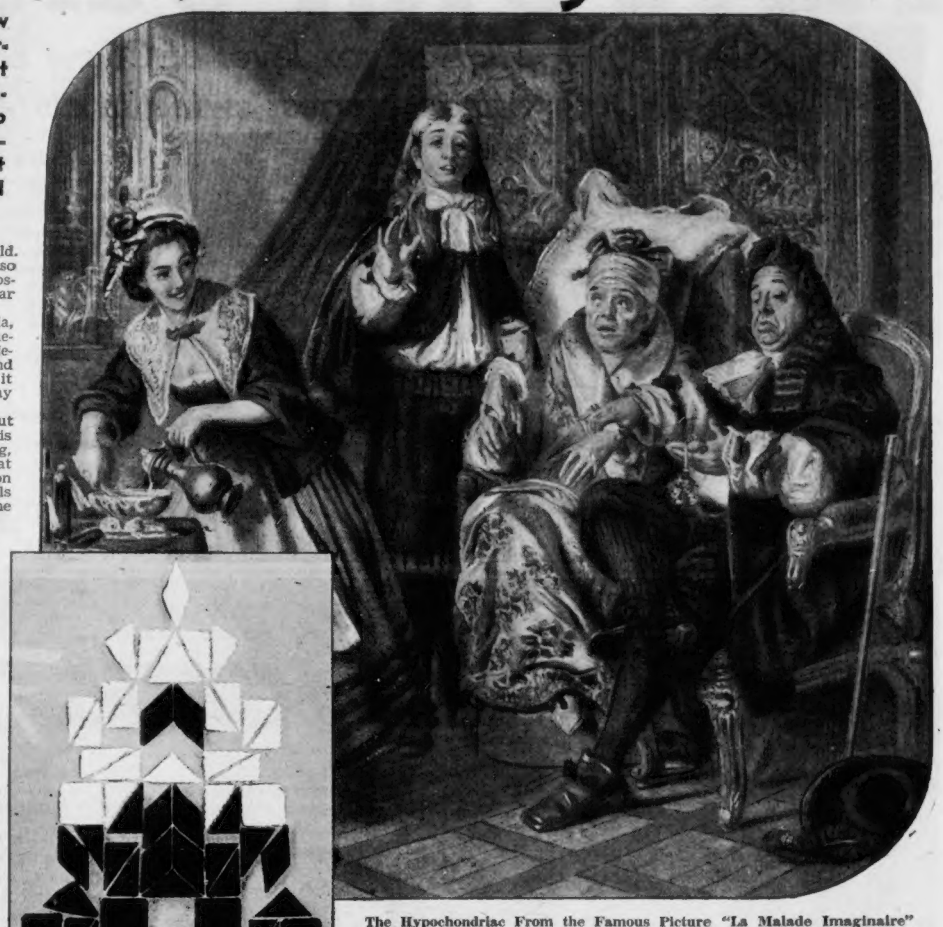




Eternal Anxiety, Likened to a Persistent, Torturing Devil by Artist Jean Bruller, Is Easy to See in the Block Pattern of a Boy Who Fears Water and Drowning. Experts Interpret His Work (Left) as a Swimming Pool, Ships and Rocks.

Your Mind, With Baby's Blocks

Experts Know Now Whether You're Normal, Crazy Or a Bit "Teched"—a Malingerer Or Likely to Commit a Crime—by Watching What You Do With Colored Pieces of Wood



The Hypochondriac From the Famous Picture "La Malade Imaginaire" Might Have Had Fewer Imaginary Tummyache Worries If Doctors Had Diagnosed His Case With Blocks. Such Cranks Build Colorless But Elaborate Forms Like the "Empire State Building" (Left).

no longer a part of the world. They've shut themselves out so completely they couldn't possibly portray anything familiar to ordinary men and women.

Sufferers from schizophrenia, sometimes called dementia praecox, which is the most widespread type of insanity and especially serious because it attacks young persons, pay little attention to color.

Their designs are simple, but well-balanced. If a square is joined to one end of an oblong, another square must be put at the other end, and a triangle on one side of this structure calls for a similar triangle on the other.

There's no meaning in these formal patterns—even for the schizophrenic himself.

But one of the outstanding discoveries is that a great change comes over the picture-making of an insane person who is receiving the metrazol-shock or the other remedial treatments. Although not infallible, these shocks to the schizophrenic's system frequently help bring him back to normal—at least temporarily. The block test shows how well he's progressing.

In one instance, a fellow who made the usual stilted designs at the onset of his trouble pictured almost lifelike trees six weeks after his first metrazol injection.

In contrast to the schizophrenics, persons who have manic-depressive insanity don't care what kind of higgledy-piggledy shape their art takes.

They're the type who are on top of the world and bursting with excitement one day but utterly depressed the next. Color apparently is the clue to their mind's secrets.

On the high-spirited or manic days, red is the only thing that interests them completely. Despite their general disregard for shape they leave as many as possible "blood-tipped" and dangerous-looking points jutting out from the pattern they make.

But catch the same fellow on one of his low days and he'll make "harmless" small shapes, all black and blue.

Mentally deficient persons, who, one might say, aren't all there because their minds never have developed beyond a primitive stage, are orderly and monotonous in their construction. They do as Elizabeth Wagner did, putting all pieces of one shape together. Again color becomes of hit-or-miss concern.

Fear and an overpowering feeling of insecurity crops up in the work of many persons suffering from epilepsy. As if trying to hold onto something for comfort and support, they place their design along the outer edges of the tray in a border effect. Added to this are other more complicated indications of their trouble which we'll leave to the experts.

The border-building habit crops up in others, too. Sometimes it is only near one side, and naturally the trend is more pronounced in some individuals than others.

Even everyday folk, like the woman who always has to go back to see if the gas is turned off, or the man who returns constantly to check on the lights, might be expected to hedge away from the center and toward the protective edge in their picture-making.

Aside from this tendency, the person who lives in a constant purgatory of anxious fear, worried that the boss will fire him, in terror of fire, crowds or other things he must face every day, often makes known what is troubling him, without knowing he is revealing it, by putting it right into the mosaic.

A seven-year-old boy with a horror of water and the thought he might drown, wouldn't admit his fears, but in his picture-making he portrayed a crude representation of a swimming pool, some rocks and ships. This disclosure helped experts straighten out the boy's problems, and get him back on the path of normal living.

The hypochondriac, a doleful fellow who gets every disease he ever hears about and annoys not only himself but everyone around him with his imaginary ills, gives himself away neatly too when he gets hold of the little truth gadgets.

He unknowingly admits to mind experts that his heart trouble, indigestion and arthritic pains are all in his head, by building colorless but extremely elaborate shapes of buildings or other well-known landmarks.

For many persons, pills may one day be replaced by an informative, if not flattering, picture of themselves, built with their own hands.

In cases of brain injury, or where a tumor is developing, it frequently is possible to locate the seat of the trouble from the results of a mosaic test. For instance, the person who has an injury in the lower or sub-cortical part of his brain becomes a copy-cat. If he sees one pattern before him he slavishly copies it over and over again.

Diseased conditions in another part of the brain cause entirely different reactions.

Dual personalities, suppressed desires of which the victim himself is not aware, and even potentialities for expert achievement in new fields hitherto given no consideration may all one day be dug out by use of this new psychological find.

It already is possible to discover many deeply buried traits by subjecting the patient to a test when he's under the influence of a few drinks or some mild sedative.

The new mosaic test is only one of many psychological devices for checking up on minds, normal and abnormal, to see how they're ticking.

Experts on man's mental equipment now have a standardized set of ink blots known as the Rorschach test, which they use in mental hospitals to help determine which patients are likely to be improved by special treatments.

The big advantage of Dr. Wertham's mosaic test is that it gives a personality picture at a glance.

With a sweep of the eye the expert can tell if his patient is likely to be a menace to society; having suicidal tendencies or a yen for murder.

Aside from its use in mental hospitals, the mosaic test has been adopted with considerable success by the Royal Canadian Navy. Applicants for service are rated in intelligence and adaptability for special jobs on the basis of their performance with the colored forms. Borderline cases of mental illness also are weeded out in this way.

This leads to a mild surmise that in post-war days, when everybody gets back to the industrial grindstone, the personnel office of every large corporation may take on the aspect of a kiddies' playroom.

Applicants may sit in rows diligently moving the magic squares and circles that will keep them from being four-cornered pegs in well-rounded jobs.

Housewives and mothers by that time may even be able to apply identical creative art tryouts on Junior and Hubby to see who's best suited for which odd-jobs at home.

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• More people changed to Chase & Sanborn in the past year than to any other coffee. People shopped for FLAVOR during the coffee shortage! Chase & Sanborn proved how deeply satisfying a coffee *can* be. The news spread. After the shortage ended people naturally kept on demanding this coffee with the high-flavor level.

Try it— See why Chase & Sanborn is winning friends so fast!

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War or no war, youngsters must grow — and where are you going to find a more useful and available food for that than *bread?* For the good, enriched, white bread you get from your baker, in addition to Vitamin B_1, *now contains added Vitamin* B_2, or riboflavin, which is another essential to sturdy growth and sound nutrition.

And that's not all! Just read that panel and see all the *other* food-values you get in bread — things that are good for young and old alike — things *essential* to sound wartime nutrition!

Today's bread is the result of joint cooperation between the government and the baking industry. It's the best bread America ever had. And it belongs on the table at every mealtime, for it's featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups.

Bread is so plentiful — and inexpensive. Get plenty — *use* plenty — every day.

WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD?
JUST LISTEN!

Made to standards approved by the U.S. Government, every loaf of enriched, white, baker's bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:

VITAMIN B_1 — helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.

VITAMIN B_2, (riboflavin) — essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.

NIACIN — an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.

IRON — helps build good, rich blood.

PROTEIN — helps build tissue and promote growth.

CARBOHYDRATES — supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

These standards have been assured for ***all*** *baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U.S. Government and the baking industry in the past two years.*

BREAD IS BASIC

P.S.— MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG — EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY

Danielle Loved — and Talked—Too Much

Danielle's Ardent Letters to Her Husband, Porforio Rubirosa, Betrayed a French Patriot.

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOW

WHEN the French Underground recently condemned to death lovely Danielle Darrieux, charging pro-nazism, I remembered some words of my old French grandmother.

"In this world," said grandmother, "the bunglers and the babblers work more evil than the vicious."

This is certainly true of Danielle Darrieux. Danielle is incapable, I believe, either of ardent pro-nazism or ardent love of France. One love she has; perhaps one only: herself. But still, I think her babbling has sent many brave Frenchmen to death.

Most of the charges against her are vague but two are specific:

1—At a Nazi party, Danielle babbled out certain war secrets which her host, Otto Abetz, German "ambassador" to France, realized she could probably only have learned by the forbidden radio or by British parachutists. He expressed disbelief, to draw her out. She insisted: "But I KNOW this is so. Tony Dufours told me. He had it from old Manufacturer La Farge, in Lille."

Now Lille is a hotbed of French resistance. So, next day, Ambassador Abetz sent Gestapo men up there to investigate. They found, at La Farge's house, a forbidden radio, a secret code, and the uniform of a British aviator. Poor Tony Dufours was sent to a German labor camp. Unfortunate old Monsieur La Farge was shot that same day.

2—Just about a month ago Robert Lynen, patriotic French actor, fell before a German firing squad. The hint that he had harbored British parachutists had been dropped by Danielle Darrieux, as she babbled, characteristically. But the Underground discounted babbling. They charged that she intentionally imparted information to the Germans. So they sentenced her to death.

Now whether or not Mlle. Darrieux intentionally gave information to the Germans, all who know her agree that she has always told everything she ever heard. Impulsive, daring, utterly wilful, she has been a law unto herself.

Wherever She Goes Now, Danielle Will Be in Fear of a Garroter's Noose, a Knife or a Gun in the Hands of Underground Executioners Sworn to Kill Her.

One day, when fourteen years old, she went to her neighborhood theatre, Bouffes Parisien, and asked for a part in the next production.

The manager was impressed by her youthful beauty.

After being given a good role, Danielle went home and told her father she must go every evening to school, to "brush up my algebra."

Papa consented. All was well until Pere Darrieux took his wife for an evening at the theatre. When he saw his daughter on the stage he was furious and after the performance he rushed backstage and gave her a good, old-fashioned spanking.

But Jean Prejean, the French actor manager, finally prevailed upon her father to let her join his company.

She was soon trying to charm him, but he was wary.

"Look, here," he warned, "your father spanked you for misbehaving. Well, I am your father in the theatre. I will spank you, too."

A year later, she was playing in the company of Henri Ducours. His wife, Blanche Mauteil, was charmed with Danielle. She invited her to the Ducours home. But one day the poor wife walked in on a domestic melodrama. Danielle, her arms about Ducours' neck, was weeping, imploring:

"Divorce your wife and marry me. If you don't marry me, I will kill myself."

He did marry her, a bit later. But, once married, Danielle quarreled with him furiously.

In 1935, the Nazis, then in power, invited Danielle to act for a German film concern. At once, she became the talk of Berlin.

With the ready, impudent answer, she whirled into high favor. To Berlin then came Pierre Pietri, son-in-law of the French Marine Minister, Barrache. Pietri, that middle-aged papa, made love to Danielle. Soon he was following her about the studio, like a faithful hound. In one movie scene, Danielle was supposed to grab a partner from street loungers, and dance with him. Rejecting all the German actors, with their fade-away chins, she grabbed her dog and danced with him.

Monsieur Pietri puffed up, that fifty-year-old Don Juan . . . "I would dance with you, mademoiselle."

"Thank you, but I prefer my dog."

After setting Berlin ablaze, she returned to Paris. It was 1937, and to Paris there also went many Nazi "tourists." There were many German parties, with Danielle always invited. Eventually, she divorced her husband and married Porforio Rubirosa, a Santo Dominican.

After the fall of France, she kept right on saying the first thing that popped into her head. Most women tremble, speechless, before Herr Heinrich Himmler, the Hangman. But Danielle Darrieux, in 1941, rocked Paris by asking Himmler:

"Tell me, my dear, how does it feel to order a thousand men beheaded?"

Through 1942, Danielle Darrieux had what she craved, luxury, admiration, the limelight. Then misfortune came to her. The Germans excluded her husband from France and Santo Domingo excluded her.

Separated from him, she wrote him ardent letters every day and in one of them she said: "Robert Lynen, the actor, hides British parachutists. Dear cabbage, why couldn't somebody hide you in France, too, for my sake?"

Soon after the Nazi censor read that letter, Robert Lynen was shot; and when the Underground heard of it, they passed the death sentence on Danielle Darrieux, the madcap, the bungler and the babbler.

So no matter how gay she pretends to be, as she plays around with her Nazi protectors, she is living in mortal terror. In every shadow is lurking the menace of violent death at the hands of Underground executioners.

Culver Service

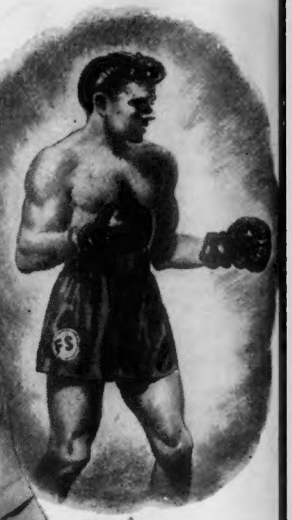
Danielle Darrieux, the Beautiful — But Lethal — Blabber.

Culver Service

Robert Lynen, the Actor, Shot Because Danielle Told How He Was Hiding British Parachutists.

Swoonerettes Give The Voice a Big Hand, But He'd Rather Be Applauded As a Fighter.

THE VOICE Would Rather Be a Wallop



While He Warbles, and the Girl Go Ga-Ga, Visions of Pugilistic Prowess Whirl in the Swoon Crooner's Head.

At Last Flimsy Frank Satisfies a Secret Yen to Be a Pug, by Doing the Next Best Thing, Becoming a Fighter's Manager

By DAN PARKER

THERE are probably a million guys who'd like to be Frank Sinatra, the crooner, who has merely to take a deep breath in front of a microphone to send females within range of the ensuing sigh into a screeching swoon. But the guy Frank Sinatra would like to be is Tami Mauriello, the prize fighter.

Since Sinatra can't be Mauriello, he's done the next best thing by purchasing the contract of this prominent contender for the heavyweight title.

Now, if the crooner can teach his pugilistic protege his secret formula for knocking them dead, he will turn his new investment into another gold mine and, in the bargain, corner the male vote, which up to now has eluded him.

The Sinatra-Mauriello combination has existed as a mutual admiration society since both came into prominence. Frank wanted to be a fighter and Mauriello wanted to be a crooner.

Tami's ambition to be another Sinatra was a manly one for a prize fighter, when you consider how many of the country's swains would like to take a good poke at Frank's pallid face out of sheer jealousy.

If Tami could steam up the nation's males with his crooning while retaining his fighting skill, he'd never run out of opponents. And if it could be worked out so that Tami were able to teach Frank to use his dukes as effectively as he does his tonsils and adenoids, perhaps those jealous guys wouldn't sneer thereafter when Sinatra's name came up.

Sinatra's desire to be a prize fighter is easily enough explained. About 30 years ago there was a lightweight boxer out of Hoboken, N. J., who fought under the name of Marty O'Brien. He was glad enough to chuck the plug-ugly profession when a chance came for him to join the Hoboken Fire Department.

Tami Mauriello, Frank's Box Fighter—Oddly Enough, Wants to Be a Crooner.

The Marty O'Brien of 30 years ago is listed on the roster of the Hoboken Fire Dept. today as Martin Sinatra of Engine Co. No. 5. He's Frank's dad.

Sinatra, Sr., encouraged the lad to learn the art of boxing.

However, Frank was so skinny and anemic that it just wouldn't work out.

As he approached maturity but before he developed the alarming symptoms which were to be diagnosed as crooneritis, Sinatra tried to satisfy this frustrated yen to be a boxer by joining the sports staff of the home town newspaper as its boxing reporter and expert.

Before he had learned to split an infinitive so the broken edges won't show or to end a sentence with a neat preposition, his sentence as a sports writer was ended, by a neat proposition. A New Jersey roadhouse proprietor offered him a job as a singer with a house band.

Frank accepted, thus changing the destiny of Miss America.

How Maestro Tommy Dorsey heard Frank groaning into a mike and was so intrigued by the strange noises that came out that for a percentage of the crooner's earnings he signed Sinatra for his band, thus giving him a nation-wide audience, is now part of America's folklore. So, too, is the story of the legal struggle Frank had to put up before freeing himself finally from his bondage.

Now the tables are turned. Instead of being the contract-slave, Frank is a doting Simon Legree with Tami as his willing Uncle Tom. The payoff, however, is that Mauriello, besides being managed by a crooner, is himself manager of one.

"He's better than Sinatra," enthused Tami in a recent statement.

Tami's chief interest is music, and he did not acquire it from listening to the little birdies twittering as he was being counted out in the prize ring. Mauriello doesn't lose often and he has never been knocked out.

"I always wanted to be a singer, but it comes out sour," said Tami wistfully, in explaining why he signed up Sinatra as his manager. "If I can't sing myself, I figure the next best thing is to get a manager who can sing and croon for me.

"I've been a Sinatra fan ever since his early days as a singer. We have a lot in common after all. Frank makes 'em faint and I make 'em feint. He croons 'em into swooning; I crown 'em.

"Besides, you know we'd be naturally sympathetic because we're a couple of 4-F guys. My broken foot keeps me out of the big fight, much as I'd love to be in it, and Frank's punctured eardrums keep him in civvies.

"Gee, if you only know how that kid wants to be a fighter, you'd sympathize with him for being rejected for the Army. And no wise cracks, please, about him having his eardrums punctured from listening to the play-backs of his own broadcasts. I'll slug the next mugg that comes up with that corn."

Sinatra in the role of manager of a heavyweight contender opens up a wide avenue of possibilities.

For instance, one of Tami's constant opponents is a chap named Mike Alfano. They've met three times within a year, with Mauriello winning easily on each occasion. So, one of these days when Tami meets his manager and warbles: "Won't you tell me when we will meet again?", referring, of course, to the collapsible Signor Alfano, Sinatra can croon right back at him: "Sunday, Monday and Always."

If Sinatra is able to arrange a bout between Tami and Joe Louis for the heavyweight title, the crooning manager should be particularly effective, for his Crossley rating for last year was predicated chiefly on the devastation he wrought when bearing down on "That Old Black Magic."

For Tami's sake, however, it is to be hoped that Manager Sinatra will handle his matches so astutely that the crooner will never come upon the "crowner" singing to himself a sad story about "Goin' to Buy a Paper Doilie That I Can Call My Own."

As a friend of Tami and also, as an artist who knows what it is to have his own earnings cut until it hurts, Frank can be depended upon to stick to the legal divisions of the spoils—66 2-3 per cent for the fighter and 33 1-3 for the manager.

In short, "All or Nothing at All" may apply to other fight managers, but it's not going to be Sinatra's theme song in his new role.

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—makes your skin look years younger

Mennen Skin Balm, an after-shave preparation in cream form, is also a favorite among men. Cooling, astringent and non-greasy, it quickly soothes tender, irritated skin. Try it!

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8:15 p.m. CWT 5:15 p.m. PWT

Catherine, Her Mother and Sister Gladys Consult the Ouija Board to Unravel the Mystery of the Strange Happenings.

Ghost-Hunter Garrett's Newest Housewrecking Spook

To Catherine's Amazement, an Egg Jumped Into the Frying Pan as Though Propelled by Unseen Hands.

By DR. THOMAS L. GARRETT
President Garrett Foundation For Psychological Research

IT ISN'T often that investigators get in on the beginning of a ghost story. Even if the haunting begins today, it is usually a week or so before reports bring investigators to the scene—and by then testimony is so garbled that it is virtually worthless.

But in Halifax, Nova Scotia, I got to the Louis Hilchie house in time to get clear, first-hand accounts from the family and neighbors and authorities of a ghost story in its inception.

It all started in a little cottage at Eastern Passage, an otherwise peaceful Halifax suburb.

As if coming from nowhere, three deep and hollow knocks sounded through the house.

Day and night since that evening of December 24, 1943, eerie, mysterious things have been happening.

Having been a student for 20 years of psychic phenomena, I was interested. When The American Weekly suggested that I look into the matter, I went to the Hilchie home.

After examination of the family and neighbors, I looked over the premises. I found everything normal.

Taking these persons at their word, I pursued my researches. This is an honest report on my findings.

At first consideration, I decided that it was a so-called poltergeist that annoyed the Hilchies.

The term "poltergeist" is derived from "polter," a rumbling noise, or "poltern," to rattle. A "polterer" is a boisterous fellow. A "poltergeist," therefore, in the parlance of psychic investigators, is a boisterous ghost.

Such a "ghost" was mentioned in the case of Jacqueline Thomas, of Windsor, Ontario, who constantly was scratched by unseen hands.

Surely the manifestation in the Hilchie home, as related by Mr. Hilchie, his wife, Ethel; his daughter, Catherine; and others indicated something strange at work.

The Troubled Hilchie Home at Eastern Passage, N. S.

First, they reported, the washing machine moved across the floor. Then a table, at which Mrs. Hilchie and three of her children were seated, tipped floorward.

Next, scissors on a shelf trembled and shook, and edged forward. A bowl of soup levitated itself and tipped in Catherine's lap.

An alarm clock hurled itself from a dresser.

A kettle of boiling water raised itself from the stove and fell to the floor.

A hammer flew down the stairs. More knocks and still more all over the house.

One evening Mrs. Hilchie was descending the stairs, when something grasped the heel of her house slipper. The heel was wrenched off by an invisible force.

A day or two later, the same thing happened. This time, Mrs. Hilchie was thrown down the stairs, breaking an ankle bone.

Investigation revealed that all the mysterious manifestations appeared to have taken place in the presence, and the unknown-to-herself cooperation of Catherine.

In other words, it is a clear case of "telekinesis;" that is, the unexplained displacement of objects and sounds.

The telekinetic phenomena, unlike poltergeist manifestations, appear to be attached to a particular person or persons.

This phenomenon, occurring widely, and going back to remote times, suggests that it may have originated in fetishism among savages.

Theories propounded by some psychic investigators to account for telekinesis phenomenon are:

1. That the individual involved subconsciously assists in producing all of the strange phenomena.

2. That invisible emanations, produced by unknown forces, actually are peculiar to certain persons. These emanations are deduced, from their manifestations, to be "psychic" semi-flexible rods projecting from the body of the telekinized person. The end portions, being struck sharply on floor, table, chair, or other body, cause the raps or knocks.

The night preceding my arrival at the Hilchie home, Catherine saw "a queer looking man's face with bushy hair appear at the window."

Recently, a stray dog came to the home and took to sitting on the doorstep and howling "death howls," according to Mrs. Hilchie. Then more weird things happened.

From the second floor, a pillow, boxes of soap flakes and other articles fell down the stairs.

While I was examining Mrs. Hilchie, a tea pot flew off a hook in the kitchen and whisked by the head of the oldest Hilchie girl, Gladys, 2[illegible]. I did not see this, but heard the crash of the pot and Gladys' scream.

Then, one day, to Catherine's amazement, an egg jumped into the frying pan on the kitchen stove, and butter followed the egg as though propelled by unseen hands.

Catherine, her mother and sister Gladys consulted the ouija board in search for a clue to the mystery of the strange happenings that had upset them and the neighborhood.

In the United States in recent years, similar "visitations" have upset two Southern communities. At Jonesville, La., Alice Bele Kirby, 12 years old, was the center of telekinetic manifestations.

Then, there was the Bertha Sybert case. One morning, Mr. Sybert and his mother went into Bertha's bedroom demanding that she stop her bouncing, but when she convinced them that she could not stop, they tried holding her down. The mattress continued tossing. Then, all three got on the bed—but [illegible] right on bouncing the same.

Investigation of the telekinetic phenomena goes on. The theory of the psychic [illegible] accepted as true by many psychic investigators, is open to further substantiation. During my years of psychical research, I have investigated many such manifestations. Some I found to be fakes. However, others, as for example, the Hilchie case, appeared to be inexplicable on any other ground than some sort of psychic manifestation.

Fingers of a Poltergeist Are Blamed for the Scratches Which Appeared, Despite All Precautions, While Jacqueline Thomas Slept.

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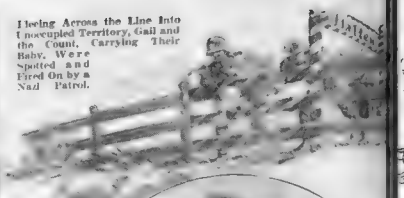
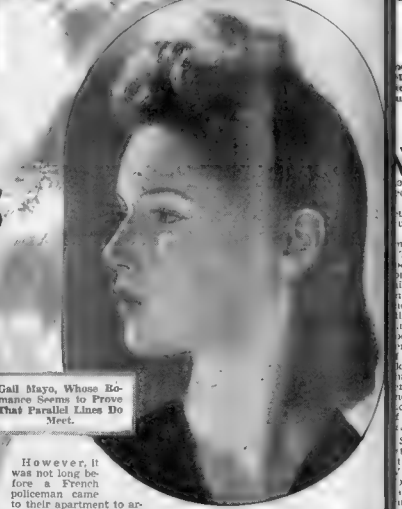
PARKAY—A nutritious spread for America's bread!

Count Gebrovsky, Gail's First, and (Right) Her Present Husband, Lt. Vincent.

Love-Story Ending by the Roaming Refugees



Fleeing Across the Line Into Unoccupied Territory, Gail and the Count, Carrying Their Baby, Were Spotted and Fired On by a Nazi Patrol.



Gail Mayo, Whose Romance Seems to Prove That Parallel Lines Do Meet.

SOME of the people had never met before, others were vaguely acquainted. In other words, it was a typical New York night club party, one of those parties at which the guests comprise but some part of a crowd.

Its slightly phony quality was less than ever, I felt as the young French officer. The moment he found himself seated beside a beautiful young woman with red hair, green-blue eyes and a breathtaking costume, the party, as far as he was concerned, was a success.

When she spoke to him in flawless French, he decided that he had underestimated the situation.

For, though neither had suspected the other's existence until now, this girl, Gail Mayo, novelist and daughter of a Harvard professor, and this young officer, Lt. Guy Vincent, of the French Army, had a great deal in common.

To begin with, both had been living in Paris when the war broke out.

"I suppose you did not have any trouble getting out," he said, "since you are American."

"I am not an American", she replied. "I live here now but I was born in Australia and am a British subject. And I had a great deal of trouble getting out of France. In fact, it was the most terrible [illegible] in my life."

A student at the Sorbonne, she had in the spring of 1939 married a Russian poet, Count Vsevolod Gebrovsky.

Nations were quarreling but they paid little attention, for a time, at first, and then their quarrels absorbed them.

They made no effort to leave France until the Germans invaded it, and then they got only as far as Bordeaux, where Gail gave birth to a son.

After that, it seemed too difficult to get out, so they returned to Paris, putting their trust in the Count's nationality and the report that the Nazis were not molesting British women.

However, it was not long before a French policeman came to their apartment to arrest Gail. Stalling him off on a plea of illness, she contacted a friend in the underground movement, who managed to get her, her infant son and her husband aboard a train headed south.

The weirdness of the journey was not lessened by the strained state of her relations with her husband. During crises, they pulled together, in between times, argued.

At a village near the frontier of what was then the unoccupied zone, they left the train and stumbled into a hotel which turned out to be the much dreaded and detested Gestapo headquarters for the district.

They just walked in and then walked out before the Nazis got their identification system functioning.

Two forest guides, whom they encountered at a near by inn, led them to the frontier. It was a hike of 15 miles, and Gail and the Count alternated in carrying the baby.

A German patrol spotted them as they were crossing into the French zone, but, hastily, fired only a few random shots and did not give chase.

As Gail explained all this to Lieutenant Vincent, they found that the paths had paralleled each other in a most miraculous manner.

Both had been in hostility at the same time, he on one side, she on the other.

While he had been escaping from the Gestapo, he had been evading them on a bicycle.

They had crossed the [illegible] zone almost simultaneously, both passed through it by different routes to the Spanish border and then had crossed Spain to Lisbon.

There, the supernatural agency, which seemed to have been in charge, had apparently quit. It was as though, in getting them to the same city, it had done the best it could. The rest was up to them.

In Lisbon they may have stuck close by each other in steamships or airplanes, they may have sat at neighboring tables in restaurants or touched against each other in the streets.

But they did not meet.

Gail, still with her husband and baby, boarded an Argentine ship. The best quarters they could get were in the steerage and they had not the slightest desire to go to Argentina. Nevertheless, they considered themselves lucky, things being as they were in Lisbon.

Lieutenant Vincent was luckier still, for he got a berth on a steamer direct to New York.

And now at last, after moving side by side for so long, after almost running into each other, only to be [illegible] away like a couple of baffled [illegible] balls, they had come together head on in a New York nightclub, [illegible] Morocco.

"It certainly seems as though Fate had arranged this meeting," said Lieutenant Vincent. "I wonder why?"

"I can't imagine," said Gail.

"If you weren't married, he went on musingly, "it might be [illegible] understandable."

"I'm not married," she said.

"But your husband and baby—"

"Well, I've still got the baby, not the husband. You see I stepped off in Mexico on my way [illegible] a divorce."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the [illegible] and instinctively, and then, [illegible] himself, he added, "I'm sorry, I mean ..."

"Not at all," she [illegible] "rather marvelous."

"Then," he said, "[illegible] knew what was destined."

"Perhaps," she said.

After which, of course, there was little they could do but [illegible] Otherwise, they might have [illegible] down.

Gail, now Mrs. Vincent, has incorporated some of her experiences in a novel called "Honeymoon in Hell," which is coming out soon.

If she has succeeded in [illegible] on reality, she deserves high [illegible]

Good Parents May Call a Girl Angelica But They Can't Make Her an Angel

By DR. DONALD A. LAIRD

WHAT'S in a name?

Nothing, said Shakespeare.

Certainly, the Bard argued, Romeo was no less desirable to Juliet because he was a Montague and she a Capulet and their fathers were feuding. Out of the misery of her frustrated love, Juliet lamented that a rose "by any other word would smell as sweet."

Does seem to differ with Shakespeare in the matter of names for people. They say a name might well influence the life of an individual—that parents should think twice before saddling a boy with Percival or a girl with Prudence. They have [illegible] evidence [illegible] the behavior of children who disliked their names [illegible] children who suffered indignities and incomplimentary nicknames because of them and acted accordingly.

Some [illegible] stamp [illegible] under [illegible] of the [illegible] Army [illegible] to the [illegible] time [illegible] War I [illegible] think there is no doubt that [illegible] cents have been low because of the opprobrium [illegible] ciated with the word Jack.

Name-changing goes back a long time. Today's outstanding example is the Austrian who as a boy Adolf Schicklgruber. He obtained his given [illegible] when [illegible] noble word," and changed his surname to his mother's name, Hitler. This was a real catastrophe, as it is highly improbable anyone with a name like Schicklgruber ever would [illegible] become a complete failure.

Stalin's real name is Dzugashvili. He, too, has his own character [illegible] when in charge [illegible] the Russian government [illegible]

Dr. W. E. Wilson, of the University of Nebraska, has made a study of names and has reached the conclusion that self-sounding appellations [illegible] the development of [illegible] personality.

I had a student once named Llewellyn Percival Hopkins. So [illegible] why [illegible] he said, "was so sad at his parents for giving it to him that he tried to get even by changing it on me."

As a result, Hopkins was shy and self-conscious. He signed himself "L. P. Hopkins" to disguise his unwanted name and urged people to call him by his initials, "L. P."

Many Clarences, Archibalds, Reginalds and such drop their first names when they come of age or use only the initials.

Dr. Walton's studies show that the "safest" names are Robert, Richard, Charles and Jack—for boys; and Joan, Jane, Dorothy and Virginia—for girls.

Indicating what the wrong name,

Lulus Can't Take It. Studies Show They're Likely to Leave Home and Become Louise.

In Olden Days, Names Were Given to Fit Personalities. Job Came to Designate a Person Afflicted or Sickly, As Artist Dore Pictures the Original, Who Was Cursed With Boils.

What Your Name Does to You

Mary Magdalene von Losch-Sieber, Who Changed Her Name to Marlene Dietrich.

like, while Judith meant [illegible] personality.

Names had definite meanings and were applied to persons after they had grown up and developed certain undesirable personalities.

Later, as a matter of superstition, parents thought they might influence the future of their children by the names they gave. They soon learned that Angelica, which means angels, might turn out to be [illegible] and Richard, which means strong or powerful, might [illegible] be meek.

Superstition aside, there is plenty of reason for earnest thought in naming a child. Too many parents bear in mind an [illegible] when they have a baby, but the best ideas sometimes go haywire.

Some friends of mine thought they would avoid being up against a child with a nickname. So they named him Jack Zallus of the country to leave their home towns and call themselves Louise in places where they are unknown.

Names don't mean what they used to. They began, in ancient times, as a way of describing individuals. In those days, people had just one name, which was used to identify him or her by characteristics. For instance, Darius meant wealthy. Job was afflicted or sickly. Abel meant a vain person. Rachel meant lamb-

"Hush, Beulah, Daddy's about to launch another offensive!" warned Elsie

"GEE, IT WAS only a little war whoop, mommy," pouted small Beulah. "I'm playing Indian and I'm going to massacre daddy!"

"QUIET!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "And, for heaven's sake, stop pointing that arrow at me. It's dangerous."

"Why, Elmer," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Even an armchair general ought to show more coolness under fire than that. Anyway, you'd be a lot more help to the war effort if you'd stick to something you know. For my part, I'm going right on producing my fine, pure *Borden's Milk* and let the generals fight the war."

"I suppose you intend to drown all our enemies in a milk pail," sneered Elmer.

"Of course not," snickered Elsie. "It's far too good for them! Besides, there's no milk to waste these days. Why, there isn't even enough to make all the *Borden's Evaporated Milk* that people want to add food value and flavor to mashed potatoes and cream soups. And think of all the babies who need Borden's Evaporated Milk—it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D.

"Will they give you a medal for it, mommy?" little Beulah broke in excitedly, "will they?"

"Mercy, no," chuckled Elsie. "No one deserves a medal just for doing their job the best they can. I get all the reward I want in hearing all the nice things people say about Borden foods. Take the way they rave about *Borden's Hemo*, for instance. Hemo, you know, is the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em! It tastes like a wonderful malted milk, only more so."

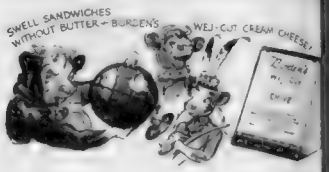
"Hang it all," shouted Elmer, fumbling among his maps and papers, "your chatter has upset me so much that I've lost my plan for capturing Rio de Janeiro."

"But, Elmer," chided Elsie, "Brazil is on our side. Why, we get along with Brazil like children get along with my velvety-smooth Bo

den's Ice Cream and *Sherbets*. And th means marvelously! You see, they're not on America's favorite desserts, but a grand way get more milk nourishment."

"Gee, mommy, is there milk nourishment *everything?*" asked little Beulah, wide-eyed.

"Well . . . not everything," smiled Elsie. "B you can make sandwiches that fairly pop wit



milk nourishment. The secret is *Borden's We Cut Cream Cheese*. It's so rich in butter fa that it makes the slickest-tasting sandwich you ever sampled without using a snatch of b ter. It's a credit to the whole distinguished fa ily of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*."

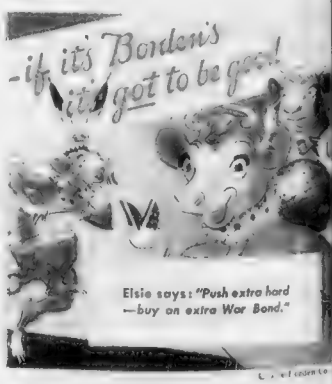
Elmer was studying his maps intently. "I have the Japs on their knees, suing for peace he muttered, "if I can just find a short c across the North Pole."

"I declare, Elmer, you're hopeless," giggle Elsie. "This is the 20th time you've won th war without stirring out of your chair. Now, know a short cut that's really practical. It

Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the handy, short-cut way t make oodles of delicious desserts. Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar and it's marvelous."

"But, mommy," asked little Beulah bewil deredly, "you say that about everything Borden makes. Is it against the law for them not to be marvelous?"

"It certainly is," said Elsie. "At Borden, darling, we have a little law of our own. And that law is: *If it's Borden's, it's* got *to be good!*"



The Gay Caballeros and the Empty Calaboose

Those Exiled, Revolutionary Plaza Brothers Have Reddened Ecuador's Official Face by Refusal to Stay in the Jailhouse When They Had Lovely Mates Outside

Miss Mignon Sommers, Ex-Model, Now Wife of Senor Jose Maria Plaza, Bull-Fighting Brother of Leonidas (Above).

While Susana Guarded the Door, a Second Leonidas Emerged Under Mignon's Skilled Workmanship.

By J. M. SHEPPARD.

QUITO, Ecuador

JAIL breaks just don't happen in Ecuador. This is because of a quaint custom which prescribes that the guards who are responsible must serve out the prisoner's time.

But the impossible has occurred. And, of course, anyone who achieves the unachievable in Ecuador must be one of Quito's Three Musketeers—the brothers Plaza.

In all Ecuador there are no braver caballeros than Galo, Leonidas and Jose Maria, the rich, handsome sons of the late President Plaza.

The eldest, Galo, one-time Minister of Defense, was exiled to California. The youngest, Jose Maria (Pepe), also exiled, recently eloped with Miss Mignon Sommers, blond and lovely Powers model. Capitan Leonidas, the middle one, who started a revolution right under the Presidential Palace windows, was in the Garcia Moreno penitentiary for a term of 16 years.

Both Galo and Jose were in California when they heard that Leo had been sent to the Garcia Moreno penitentiary.

"A Plaza in the calabozo!" boomed Galo. "Treason! Lese majeste! Ridiculous!"

And they started to the rescue.

But though, after some trouble, they permitted Galo to return to the land of his father, Jose was not.

He went to Mexico with the lovely Mignon. Then he moved quietly into Colombia and finally sneaked across the border into Ecuador.

Mignon joined him at the Plaza mansion in Quito.

She blushed prettily under the flashing eyes and compliments of his relatives, visited a few of the family bull ranchos, then sat down and wept because the authorities arrested Jose and threw him into a particularly nasty prison at Guaranda.

Galo nearly exploded. Another outrage upon the family honor.

As a political prisoner, Jose was allowed to have visitors and Mignon went there faithfully. And Galo stewed in the Plaza mansion and thought up grisly vengeance for the hijos de peros who had arrested both his brothers.

Then an uncle died.

Galo demanded that Jose be allowed to weep at his grave. The authorities agreed to this.

And Jose wept dutifully, but as soon as the first spadeful of dirt hit uncle he was away and firmly entrenched in the Plaza mansion.

The police hung about for a week, ruining the Plaza lawns, then went away much relieved, for Galo was a notoriously good shot.

The brothers accepted with becoming modesty the congratulations of their friends, and Mignon was proud of her heroic husband.

"But," butted Galo, "we have still not done what we came here to do. Leo is still in the pokey. A Plaza in the calabozo!"

So they conspired. And Mignon declared with characteristic Norte American firmness that she was going to be in on the jail break. Jose tried to dissuade her.

"No, querida," she said proudly she's just beginning to learn Spanish. "By the pen of my gardener, I'm coming along, too!"

And about that time the romantic Jose was seen in the bodegas of Quito wearing dark glasses and a strip of adhesive on his olive cheek.

"Slight accident with a bull," he explained.

And so decorated, he visited his brother in Garcia Moreno on Christmas morning.

"I'll be back later with his presents," he told the guards haughtily.

Afternoon came, and so did Jose, Susana, Leo's wife, and the lovely Mignon. The guards bowed them through to the illustrious and lucky prisoner.

But if those guards had been ungallant enough to peek through the judas of Leo's cell they would have had a shock.

For Leo was tearing off his clothes at a great rate. So was Jose. And so was Susana.

Jose tore the adhesive from his face and popped it on Leo. Then the dark glasses. Susana contributed some pads she'd hidden under her clothes. Jose changed clothes with Leo. Mignon turned on a radio and helped with the disguise. Then they all dressed. And in a half hour the disguised Leo walked out between Susana and Mignon.

But Jose was still in the cell. And if caught he'd have to do brother Leo's 16 years, at least. So Galo went to visit the prisoner, hiding glasses and adhesive under his tall, dress hat.

They sat listening to the radio until the guard was changed. Then Galo walked out with Jose, who, recognized by his glasses and adhesive, was allowed to pass.

The radio continued to sound a lively rhumba.

It was not until next morning that El Comercio, the leading Quito newspaper, published the story of the jail break.

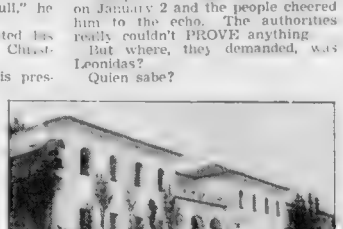
The story of the jail break had been told to the newspaper's editor over a bottle of champagne by the jovial Galo.

Hell popped. But the Ecuadorians dearly love a laugh.

Jose put on a magnificent bullfight on January 2 and the people cheered him to the echo. The authorities really couldn't PROVE anything.

But where, they demanded, was Leonidas?

Quien sabe?



The Garcia Moreno Penitentiary in Quito, Once Regarded as the Most Escape-Proof Prison in South America.

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

Queen Marie, a Guest in "The Castle," the Blumenthals' 16-Room Hotel Suite Complete With Marble Foyer, Antique Paneling and a Pipe Organ.

Peggy and Blumey in the Exotic Garden of Their "Little Empire" in Larchmont, Where They Entertained Stage and Screen Celebrities.

Jimmy Walker Warned Peggy of a Rumor That Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll's Gang Planned to Kidnap Her.

"Imagine Blumey's Chagrin! He'd Asked Johnny Weissmuller Down to Teach Me How to Swim and Found Me Being Towed About the Pool by Our Butler."

CHAPTER X

ALMOST lost memory of Peggy Fears, Broadway and Hollywood star, in becoming Mrs. A. C. Blumenthal, boss of the Wurlitzer and most prominent of her wives and successors. Famous men of letters and industrial barons, prelates and stars and often royalty were my guests.

I soon learned what to feed the feminine part of the brain to get the best out of me in the parlor room where Blumey drew a selling point with the brain. I soon learned how to discuss the deals themselves and often to be of them as we made them. The formation of select little Boards of Directors carried me into heart-to-heart talks with big men. Sometimes I was bored to pile driving. Sometimes I was bored of every contact, every engagement. My name was a golden file for a purpose. But every evening and socialite and big-name whoever entertained was a piece of our business to help perfect some bigger deal.

When Louis B. Mayer called Blumey to luncheon Joe Cohn speculating as to why the movie magnate had invited him:

"Can't be business," Blumey said over and over. "Maybe he wants to sell Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," I said, and Blumey paled at the terrific possibility.

"It was purely social," Blumey said forcibly, when he came back after having lunched with Louis B. Mayer. "Louis just wanted to thank me for your having been so nice to his family last season in New York, and to tell me how much they all loved you."

Blumey played the organ in concert for some time, then came forth with the suggestion that the side of M-G-M might possibly be better than a dream. He phoned William Fox, who gasped and cried: "Yes! Is Blumey's the yacht he wanted to buy?"

"Pierre Key and Nick Schenck in Grand Neck," Blumey told me. "Ask if we may drop in for a talk after dinner tonight."

The deal was that Blumey would gauge his mettle by subject to Nick Schenck, an M-G-M executive, that the studio be sold to Fox. It was like a game to watch Blumey. I was never more nervous and tense than I was that night in the palatial home of the Schencks. How leisurely and casual we were! I took Nick's hat at bridge while Blumey went with him into the library to talk.

An hour later the men emerged and I sensed Blumey's suppressed excitement.

Schenck agreed to sell M-G-M. His price is $50,000,000!" Blumey told me when we were on our way to town a little later.

"Has William Fox that kind of money?" I asked.

"No. I've got to raise it for him."

I saw Blumey raise three-fourths of the price before he hit a snag. He needed $30,000,000 more and yet he had to. Every place, every man he knew and failed to raise it. He even had Shapiro eat, and sat for hours night and day playing first the organ and then the piano. At daylight one Sunday he sat on my bed and looked at me through tired eyes. He was unshaven and pale.

"The deal has gone beyond me. It's too big I can't handle it. I've lost it!"

"No, darling. Don't say that. We have put over too many deals to let this become just a dream."

"Tomorrow noon is the deadline. How can I raise $50,000,000 by then?"

"Let me think, Blumey."

He went back to the organ and I reviewed how he had gone over his plans with Winnie Sheehan, Sol Rogers, Ernst Rover, William Fox and Charles Stuart, of Halsey, Stuart & Co. If only I could think of some new avenue, some new banker. Then an idea shot through me. Otto Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the big banking firm of Wall Street! Otto Kahn had believed in my talent; mightn't he believe in Blumey's genius?

I called Mr. Kahn at his Fifth Avenue residence and his friendly voice soon greeted me.

"Peggy, it's nice to hear from you after all this time."

"I'd like my husband to meet you, Mr. Kahn. It's terribly important, and I hope it might be today. Please, Mr. Kahn?"

"Could you bring him here at three?"

I hung up the phone with a trembling hand and rushed to Blumey. "Get dressed, darling! We have to be at Otto Kahn's at three!"

The following noon Blumey met his deadline with the $30,000,000—$50,000,000 of which had been supplied by Kuhn, Loeb!

I guess I was beginning to weary of fanfare and didn't realize why. But everything we did, everywhere we went, what I wore, my chinchilla coat, even my Texas club suppers, my new jewels, were reported in the papers. Pictures, interviews, quotations!

"Less publicity would be in better taste," I said.

"Why, Peggy?" Blumey exclaimed. "Why do you think I've hired Harry Reichenbach, one of the best press agents in the world, for my personal press agent?"

Even in my stage career I had never hired a personal press agent. The vulgarity of publicizing our private lives, our marriage was appalling!

"I firmly believe, Blumey, that in your business dealings you would be better off to continue as the unknown agent, just as you have in the past. Let the other fellow take the bows. You take the commission and it's bad for ours or any marriage."

"Half my commissions are yours. We make a good team," he said, then added: "Why should the other fellow get all the credit?"

(With charge accounts in New York, Paris and London I thought nothing of the fact that Blumey never really gave me money of my own, although he often repeated that half of his commissions I had earned.)

We occupied a 16-room suite at the Ambassador, dubbed "The Castle" because of its marble and gold ostentation. The music room, built around an enormous pipe organ, inspired George Gershwin to take lessons in order to play it. Our dining room had a marble floor and antique paneling. The library walls were from an English castle. My bedroom was transplanted from a French castle. Ahem!

Jean Harlow, Lupe Velez, Bert Lytell, Earl Carroll, Adele Astaire, Mary Duncan, Lili Damita, Mrs. Tiffany Saportas, Beth Leary, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Eleanor Holm, Noel Coward were frequent guests.

Just then Blumey and I had a little empire of our own. The Larchmont house, my wedding present, was a colorful part of it. That house was doomed to be swept by uncontrollable flames in the near future. The organ, antiques and luxurious furnishings were all destroyed, but we had no premonition of this or other misfortunes to come.

We built tennis courts like those we played on at Le Touquet. The swimming pool was like a Hollywood movie theatre was built onto the house. And romance budded among our friends.

Grace Moaken and Bert Lytell, whom we had introduced, were married. Helen Menken used my wedding ring in the ceremony when she married Dr. Henry Smith, my family's doctor and my dearest friend, from Dallas.

At 23, I couldn't realize our home was like a show in progress. There was always an act and an audience! Blumey sent Eleanor Holm, Johnny Weissmuller and Stubby Kruger, Olympic champions, to teach me to swim! Imagine his chagrin when he found the butler dragging me around the pool with a rope tied about my waist; me floating, happily!

"I'll fire you if you ever again help Mrs. Blumenthal with her swimming!" Blumey cried.

Then on to London.

At Christmas I begged for a string of pearls. "They're my birthday stone, Blumey."

"Nobody knows if pearls are real or not," Blumey replied. "All the women around the casinos wear diamond necklaces; I'll give you one or a diamond bracelet."

"I'm too young to be covered in diamonds, Blumey," I pleaded, "I've always loved pearls."

For Christmas . . . I got a diamond bracelet!

Blumey sulked again in June, but said, "all right, for your birthday, pick out your own pearls."

So Adele Astaire and I went "pearl-shopping." I sent home three strings of white and three strings of pink to choose one from. "For heaven's sake, take all six," Blumey scorned. "That, at least, looks like something." Adele and I thrilled.

A week later, in Cannes, I received a diamond necklace. . . "Everyone knows it's genuine," Blumey explained.

Blumey just had made a commission of $3,500,000 on the British Gaumont deal and he was feeling especially generous toward me, as I had again been able to close a deal for him which, although he started it, looked completely lost to N. L. Nathanson of Canada.

Months after, in Paris, Nathanson asked Blumey how he'd managed it and when Blumey explained, Nathanson insisted I should get a trust fund for life. Blumey gave me another bracelet. To celebrate that night, I wore an all-beaded gown from Chanel. Mme. Jean Nash Dubonnet, famous as "the best-dressed woman in Paris," appeared in the same dress, believing she had the only model in existence. And to make the most of the situation, Blumey insisted that I tango with him.

To my amazement, I learned that night he tangoed superbly! While you were playing tennis, I was taking lessons from a gigolo," he explained.

We learned about Agua Caliente with the Samuel Goldwyns, Nick Schencks, Marlene Dietrich, Paul and Daisy Lukas, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant and Dolores Del Rio. We were entertained by the stars and producers of Hollywood. Back home again in Larchmont, one night George Gershwin played the music for a new show, "Girl Crazy," to be produced by Vinton Freedley. They needed some money for the production.

"I don't want to go back on the stage," I told Blumey, "just let me invest $10,000 in 'Girl Crazy.'"

It was fun. The show opened in Philadelphia, with Willie and Eugene Howard heading the cast. A Texas girl named Ginger Rogers sang "I'm Bidding My Time," and another unheard-of, Ethel Merman, sang "I Got Rhythm." Broadway agents, who'd come over for the opening said: "It hasn't a chance!" I saw Gershwins unhappy face. Blumey let me redouble my investment to cheer George up. Soon New York was raving over the show.

Blumey, who gambled others' millions, became overcautious with this producing success. When Roger Maretti, Los Angeles lawyer, brought Lang Crosby to us and said that his boo-hoo-boo style would be a hit and asked Blumey to invest $5,000 for a fourth of Bing's earnings for the rest of his life, Blumey said "No singer is worth $25,000 for a quarter of his earnings!" We pleaded in vain.

Bing was an overnight success, but I soon forgot my disappointment in not being a part of it in anxiety over Flo Ziegfeld's illness. He was heartbreakingly lonely and longed to be with his wife, Billie Burke, and their daughter, Patricia, in California. Blumey and I succeeded in getting him onto a train and out to his family just before he died.

It seemed only natural that Goldie, Ziggy's secretary, and Alice, the switchboard operator who worked for Ziggy from his early days on Broadway, should call me to come and take over "Showboat"—keep it running as a memorial to Ziegfeld.

Now plays and producing plans were brought to me from the far corners. Preston Sturges, with "Child of Manhattan," was the first under my banner, which was labelled "Peggy Fears Presents."

My most successful show was "Music in the Air," with golden-voiced Natalie Hall, Walter Slezak and Tullio Carminati and Al Shean.

Rehearsals gave me few nights out, however. I thought that I might be able to put Leo Reisman's band in one of my shows. And I particularly wanted to hear Eddy Duchin, his pianist, play the night I went to the Central Park Casino.

As soon as I was seated Jimmy Walker rushed over and took a chair beside me.

"Peggy, if anyone asks you to dance, refuse," he whispered. "Sit where you are and try not to appear nervous!"

"What's wrong, Jimmy? You're white!"

"A tip just come through that at midnight this place will be thrown into darkness and you'll be kidnaped! It's the Vincent Coll gang."

Jimmy and I both looked at his wristwatch. It was exactly five minutes to 12!

—

Underworld threats and matrimonial storms are told in Peggy Fears' story instalment next week.

The Larchmont Home—Blumey's Wedding Present to Peggy—After It Had Been Gutted by a Mysterious Fire.

The Case of the Three Drops of Doom

The Detective's Scientific "Blood Curse" Solved the Mysterious Death of the Pretty Student Who Tried to Pry Too Deeply Into the Apaches' Tribal Secrets

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

The Trackers Came to the End of Their Six-Day Search in a Dry Arroyo Where the Girl Lay as If Asleep—a Navajo Arrow in Her Heart.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

BIG medicine was making. Where the red moon rose above the Arizona hills, the smoke of ceremonial fires curled against the stars, drums pounded in the night, and lithe shadows flitted about invoking the spirits of the gods.

Several miles away a white girl, costumed in fringed buckskin, moccasins and beaded headband, walked away from the doorway of a wickiup as gracefully as an Indian maid.

The noise of the tribal dance was a little frightening. For the Indians were Apaches, the most dangerous and superstitious of the American tribes. The white girl had been warned to shun the Red Men's secret rites. But she went on—and was never seen alive again. It was the night of July 18, 1931...

Old Sam Seymore, known as The Lynx, came to William Donner, reservation superintendent, to report that "White Lady Who Stays Up All Night Writing" was missing. Lynx Sam used the Apache name bestowed on Henrietta Schmerler, 23, a Columbia University student from New York who came West to write a thesis on Indian lore.

Henrietta Schmerler's Research Was Complicated by a Dangerous Friendship With Golney Seymore, The Hawk (Left).

Donner knew that the girl had made numerous friends among the Apaches and Navajos of the district, and that she was friendly with Seymore and his son Golney who lived with their squaws in a shack next to hers. She may have gone off on some research as she was wont to do. But recalling last night's tribal dance, and seeing Sam's anxious yet noncommittal face, Donner was uneasy.

When two more days passed without a sign of the girl, Donner deputized a Mexican stockman, Jesus Velasquez, and a half-breed, Dan Colley, to scout for her. At her abode they could find no clue.

Then the sheriff of Navajo County, L. D. Divelbess, took up the search. It was found that Miss Schmerler had planned to attend the Apache dance with young Claude Gilbert, a Navajo. He was picked up for questioning, but he insisted that he had been home on the night of the weird and mysterious Apache festival.

On the sixth day, the scouting plainsmen entering an arroyo about five miles from White River, found at the bottom of the dry wash the beaten remains of Henrietta Schmerler. Her torn Indian costume and her scattered belongings bore evidence to a violent struggle. Cuts and bruises on her body might have been inflicted by a stone club and dull knife.

Then the half-breed pointed at an arrow that the killer had driven deep in the girl's breast, and uttered a single word. "Navajo!"

The crime having taking place on government territory the FBI from El Paso stepped in. Special Agent J. A. Street, already famous for solving the Osage "Insurance Murders" in 1925 and an authority on Indians, was assigned to the case.

Keystone View

Cabin on the Indian Reservation Near White River, Ariz., Where Miss Schmerler Lived in Defiance of Repeated Warnings.

Posing around White River as a cattle buyer and concealing his knowledge of the Apache dialect he carefully unraveled the murder mystery. He soon decided that the murderer was an Apache, for it would be quite in keeping with Apache cunning to steal a Navajo arrow and shoot it from an Apache bow.

Going over the scene of the murder, Street found the girl's fountain pen, its hard shell crushed. Only a horse's hoof could have smashed that pen. Further inquiry revealed that Claude Gilbert had not been on horseback. This practically exonerated the Navajo, but Street held him as a ruse.

Keeping his ears to the ground, Street learned that the girl had often gone hunting with the bucks and the braves. She flattered old Lynx Sam and gave gifts to Golney's squaw and her papoose. She also had courted favor among several of the braves by giving them firewater.

Street, knowing the Indian's temperament, was sure that the white girl had incurred resentment among the chiefs and medicine men, and especially among the jealous squaws who wouldn't like her interest in their braves.

The G-Man's suspicion grew when he heard that the college girl had spent much time in company of Golney Seymore, known as The Hawk. He also heard that The Hawk had been quite taken with the white girl. She was once even scolded by a roving Indian agent for going around with a married brave.

Little by little, Street picked up the threads. An ugly pattern formed, one typically Indian in design, yet some of it the girl's own loom. The Apache must have resented her asking Gilbert to take her to the dance. Jealous of the Navajo rival, and nagged by his squaw, The Hawk must have been doubly enraged. And, according to Apache tradition, he did not murder the rival but the girl.

Working on this theory Street arrested several Apaches as a blind. He watched Golney but without results. All he had was circumstantial evidence and very flimsy at that. Finally, he decided to act.

He ordered the old Apache chief to be at Seymore's wickiup the following night with six braves, and see to it that Lynx Sam and Golney the Hawk attended this council. They all came. Stoical copper faces met Street, Donner and his deputies.

"Killer of white girl is here among us," Street announced. "We have come to arrest him."

The Indians sat like wooden totems as Street held up a small bottle of colorless liquid: "Here is a bottle of water. On hand of killer water will turn to blood."

With dramatic slowness he let three drops of the liquid fall on the back of his hand. The drops remained colorless. The same result on Donner's hand.

When he came to Golney, Street carefully applied the drops to his hand. He stepped back and the Indians stared. The drops on Golney's hand were turning crimson.

Golney the Hawk confessed. He was indicted for the murder and was sentenced for life.

The water-like liquid Street cunningly used was a chemical, a fluid that turns red on contact with acid. A heavy meat diet gives the Indians an acidulous skin. The chemical would have reddened on any Indian's hand. But it must have appeared as blood indeed to the eyes of the guilty Hawk.

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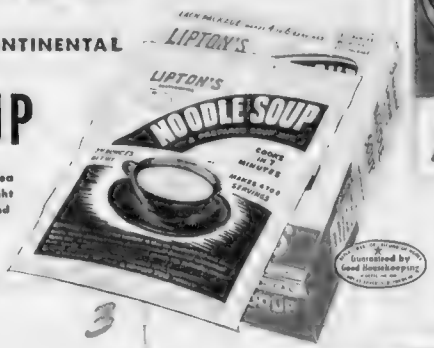

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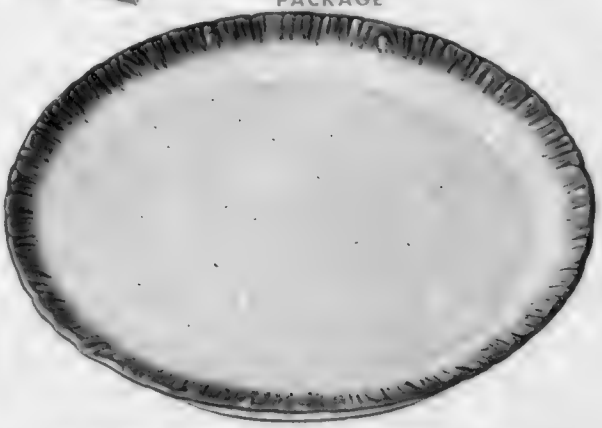

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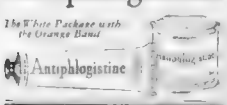

Prison Bars for the "Immortal Baby's" Mystic Godfather

James B. Schafer Was Doing All Right as a Master Metaphysician When the Odd Organization He Headed Adopted Baby Jean.

A MAN can put in plenty of thinking, good or bad, during a two and one-half to five year stay anywhere.

James B. Schafer, 42 year-old "good thought" Messiah of the Royal Fraternity of Master Metaphysicians and former godfather of Baby Jean, the "Immortal Baby," now has that much time at his disposal for better or for worse contemplation, and which it will be is anybody's guess, since he'll spend it in jail.

During part of his career as the "good thought" leader of a group in search of super-natural Principles, clairvoyance and clairaudience, Schafer did his good thought stuff in an alleged Heaven on earth at the expense of his followers.

Much of his concentration was indulged in at "Idle Hour," the famous old William K. Vanderbilt estate at Oakdale, Long Island, New York, a clairvoyant paradise where 60 earthly cult members and a company of ghosts helped him bring forth only Grade A Shangri La thoughts which were out of this world. In those days there was not a bad Schafer thought in a carload of cogitation.

Now things have changed. As guest of the state, the Master Metaphysician will spend a long time behind prison bars and the quality of his meditation there will be interesting, since he was convicted as a crook who swindled a woman out of a small fortune.

When Schafer was riding the crest of the publicity wave as the godfather of the "Immortal Baby" and ghost superior No. 1 of his astral-loving band of cultists, he contended "good thoughts" were possible anywhere. One of his best, he said, was a 1940 inspiration to plan "immortality" for the baby daughter of a maid and waitress.

When only three months old, this child, Baby Jean Gauntt, was taken by agreement from her mother, removed to "Peacehaven," Schafer's spooky Long Island headquarters, and for 15 months in the $2,500,000 estate was schooled for immortality.

The infant was allowed to think only "good thoughts." She was showered with attention by her guardian and made the recipient by other cultists of a shower of cash and a $50,000 diamond ring.

Everything went along smoothly until the child's mother, nearly a year and a half later, had the "bad thought" that she wanted her daughter back. From that moment on, Baby Jean became a metaphysical headache to Schafer and his Royal Fraternity. Bad thinking lawyers rushed in, bad thinking summons servers popped up from every side, and everywhere Schafer turned, in those days, it seemed bad thinkers lurked him.

The Ex-Messiah Finds Nothing Divine or Mystic About His Outlook for the Next Few Years.

Finally, the child disappeared for the greater glory of the Schafer organization was restored to her mother's arms in a West Side rooming house and suddenly became just a mortal baby showing a special fondness for prunes, carrots and potatoes.

From this moment on more bad thinking than Schafer ever thought possible kept him busy answering a rash of charges. The State Attorney General had a bad thought and started investigating his $200,000 income. Women who had loaned the "high priest" money brought suits for its recovery. There were defections from his ranks, and ugly whispers, springing directly from bad thinking, suggested that the Schafer organization was as worldly as anything else—a commercial racket.

During these skirmishes Schafer, although he lost his "Immortal Baby," kept out of jail, had good thoughts and quoted Kipling's poem:

"If you can keep your
head while all about
you
Are losing theirs and
blaming it on you . . ."

The prime bad thought Schafer could not escape, however, was one held by Mina Schmidt who claimed he defrauded her out of $9,000 in a publication racket. She made this charge stick. The defendant's good thoughts caused him to fight a subsequent conviction through several appeals, but he finally gave up, and some change of thinking, good or bad, caused him to plead guilty.

What turn his thinking will take now is a matter of pure speculation, but since it sometimes turns to poetry when he is being held pressed he might find some solace in the famous composition of Richard Lovelace, entitled "To Althea, from Prison."

If he ever writes his growing "Immortal Baby," he might borrow a line or two from the Lovelace classic, appropriately as follows:

"Stone walls do not a
prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and
quiet take
That for an hermitage."

This would undoubtedly be a way for Schafer to put his "good thought" theories into practice in a practical way, and if he has enough of them along these lines, he might be able to think that he is not in jail, after all.

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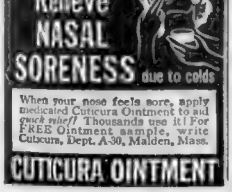
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Whisked to the Grave on a Mile-a-Minute Spree

Suddenly the Hearse Picked Up Speed, Left the Funeral Procession and Careened Crazily Through the Streets of New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS is a gay city famed for its fun-loving citizens, carnival parades and its annual abandon to the creative pleasures of the Mardi Gras; but the people of the Crescent City like dignity in their funerals. Dignity, however, was lacking in the last rites of Emile Joseph Marcadel.

His widow is not yet over the rude shock she suffered during and after the obsequies—and the fact that a judge has awarded her $1,500 for the shameful shenanigans of a drunken hearse driver has not helped much to assuage her grief.

Mrs. Marcadel says she will never outlive the mortification and anguish of seeing her husband's remains desecrated in a mad mile-a-minute chase through the narrow streets when the hearse driver put his machine through an automotive "snake dance" and committed other offenses which shocked the Southern city.

Civil Judge Paul E. Chasez the other day ordered F. Laudumiley & Co., Ltd., the funeral directors, to pay the widow $1,500 for some of the damages while he had several drinks.

After frantic efforts to locate the hearse driver, the funeral procession reformed its line and went to the cemetery to await developments.

The wait lasted 45 minutes, and then the driver, now proceeding with comparative sedateness at normal speed, drew up in front of the burial plot.

The outraged relatives and pallbearers who opened the casket found the body disarranged and lying sidewise. Floral pieces which had been neatly banked in the hearse were in disorder and many had been crushed.

After Mr. Marcadel's remains were finally interred another driver was selected to chauffeur the hearse back to the city, but by then the damage had been done.

When Judge Chasez handed down his decision in the case of Mrs. Emil Joseph Marcadel, vs. Laudumiley & Co., Ltd., it did not represent a 100 per cent victory for the widow because he also ordered her to pay the funeral expenses of her husband which amounted to $152.32.

Hours after hearing evidence which showed that the hearse driver not only ran away with the corpse en route to the cemetery, but also created a drunken disturbance during the services at St. Louis Cathedral. The widow had sought damages of $10,000 for the desecration.

While the driver's conduct had been unseemly in the Cathedral, witnesses testified he went completely berserk when the procession started off to St. Louis Cemetery No. 3.

Unable to believe their eyes, the startled mourners saw the hearse begin veering to the right and left and weave in and out among the funeral cars. This threw the entire procession into disorder.

Suddenly, seeming to tire of these relatively mild antics, the driver increased the speed of the hearse to 60 miles an hour, deserted the mourners and careened wildly around corners and through heavy traffic. Although pursued by a car carrying two sisters of the deceased, the hearse soon disappeared entirely.

Later, it was determined that the driver finally stopped in front of a bar where he left the corpse unattended

Next Week

J. Edgar Hoover REVEALS NEW GANGSTER MENACE

The hoodlums who terrorized the Thirties are back again, responding to the call of wartime scarcity as they did to that of peacetime prohibition with hijackings, gun battles and murder. So warns the Chief of the F.B.I. in an exclusive series of articles on the new type of thuggery that "muscles in" on everything in which there is a shortage and has created a vicious new gangster situation. Read "The Gang's All Here — Again" . . .

BEGINNING MAY 17 IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

AVOID HARSH LAXATIVES
TRY THE NATURAL REGULATORY EFFECT OF LEMON AND WATER
Juice of 1 lemon
in glass of water
first thing on arising
This simple fruit drink provides all the regulation most people need. And it's healthful—builds resistance.

If you are troubled with sluggishness, and want to avoid constipation *without* resorting to harsh laxatives, try this health drink yourself—lemon and water—*first thing on arising.*

8,000,000 now take lemons for health. National surveys show that over eight million now take lemons for their regulatory effect or as a general health aid. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, and supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize, [illegible]

Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

If your system needs a regulator, try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water, *first thing on arising.* It's good for you!

P. S. Some prefer juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

James Came To Under a Pandanus Roof, Tamati Kneeling Beside Him, as the Chief Burst in Growling, "'Melican No Good. We Cook You. Your Brother Killed a Man, Broke Vahine Tapu!"

By CAP'N GUSTAF JOHNSON

No. 8—Whalemen in the Marquesas.

IT'S mighty sad to go back to some of the South Seas islands after being away a long time. Those strong, brown, happy folk are dying off. Their songs tell of it, their faces show it.

Disease has been taken to the islands by slavers, whalers and blackbirders. Consumption has killed off four-fifths of the Marquesans. Some Asiatics came in and brought leprosy. The French, for 40,000 francs, licensed them to grow opium and sell it to the natives. They did not forbid it until too late. The Peruvian slave ships brought smallpox and social diseases, and the clean living savages, unused to such things, died.

To Hanavave, on Fatu-hiva, came the early whaleships, English, American, Chilean, and what they did was horrible.

Those small barks carried large crews and when they anchored for water and fruit and fresh meat the crews went crazy. They taught the natives to drink rum and the ancient nude dances became scenes of beastly obscenity.

For before the whites the natives wore clothes. The women were beautiful and protected their fair brown skin from the sun with gauze caps and shawls of fine white tapa and pareus of the same material. They walked like queens with scented flowers in their hair—until the whalers came.

I heard an ancient yarn once from a mission teacher. It had been passed down for years.

The whaleship Mystic, we'll call her, landed in the Bay of Virgins, off Hanavave.

There was a boat-steerer, a harpooner named Ieme, which is the nearest the Marquesans can get to James. He was only about 22.

The mate of the ship was a big, black-bearded fellow named Thatcher, as far as I could make out, a snake-eyed, cold man who hated young James with all his heart.

Well, you know how it is on a long voyage, cooped up in a tiny ship where you can't get out of sight or earshot of the same people day and night. If Thatcher heard James laugh, he'd grind his teeth under his black beard.

James knew the mate had it in for him but he didn't care much until things began to happen.

He lowered on a whale once; the mate was steering as James took his position to dart his iron. Suddenly Thatcher swung the steering sweep and threw James right under the flukes of a giant sperm. Why the boy and all the boat crew weren't killed was never known. But the captain wouldn't let the mate take another boat, and the hands advised James to jump ship at the first chance.

Soon the Mystic anchored at Hanavave.

The natives came out in their canoes, the girls with flowers in their hair, offering fruit and coconuts, and dancing all over the deck. The chief, more dignified, went to the cabin to drink rum. And the whale boats went in for water and fruit.

And James went with them, his seabag hid under a thwart and his harpoon polished, its head in a leather sheath, and a coil of fine whale line.

He moved up to a small paepae—that's a stone platform on which the Marquesans build their houses. He found a talo, a friend. In those days sailormen landing at the islands took native "brothers," who looked after them.

AND that night all the crew were ashore having themselves a time. Some of them took their girls aboard the Mystic, others went to the girls' houses. But the chief, on his big paepae, was giving a dance for the captain, mate and boat-steerers, who are the aristocracy of a whaler. James thought he'd better go, for he didn't want them to miss him until the Mystic was far at sea.

The toddy shells were passing and James' talo was sitting beside him, feeding him poi and roast pig and fruit, and on the other side a pretty little vahine was rubbing her nose against his face and purring like a kitten. All the men had girls with them. But James had no eyes for his girl.

He was watching a tall, black-haired girl in white, with hibiscus in her hair, who was dancing before the raised platform on which sat the chief, the captain and mate. Thatcher also was watching the girl like a hawk.

The girl was turning in her dance and her pareu was lifted above her knees, and her slim legs were as graceful as the swaying palms.

"Taua vahine," whispered the girl next to James. "Tapu."

She was a high priestess of the old gods, tapu for mortal men until the chief, who was her father, would lift it so that she could marry.

Suddenly there was a commotion as Thatcher jumped up and made a grab at the girl.

"Avast," shouted the captain.

But Thatcher belted the chief across the head.

"Come on, baby," he was muttering to the indignant girl. "Let's get away from this place."

"Wait a minute, mister," James was up to them. "Leave that girl alone, she's tapu."

"You dirty fo'c'sle rat!" Thatcher's heavy brogan shot for James' groin, but he sidestepped and swung for the mate's jaw.

"Back to the ship!" the captain was yelling.

The torches were going out and they heard the girls screaming as they fled through the darkness. The dancing girl shot a long look at James and tore away from Thatcher.

The crew was running for the beach and James could hear the enraged natives shouting.

Thatcher shot one who tried to club him in the narrow path and they reached the whale boats, ducking from whistling stones from slings.

"What you doing here?" Thatcher roared as he saw James manning an oar.

And before James could move, the tiller crashed across his head and he was in the surf.

When he came to he was under a pandanus roof. Outside was the girl, wrapped in her white pareu, staring in at him. And beyond her the sea was empty.

THE girl crept to him and her lovely face was wet with tears.

"They go Oomoa," she whispered. "I——"

The chief appeared and drove her away.

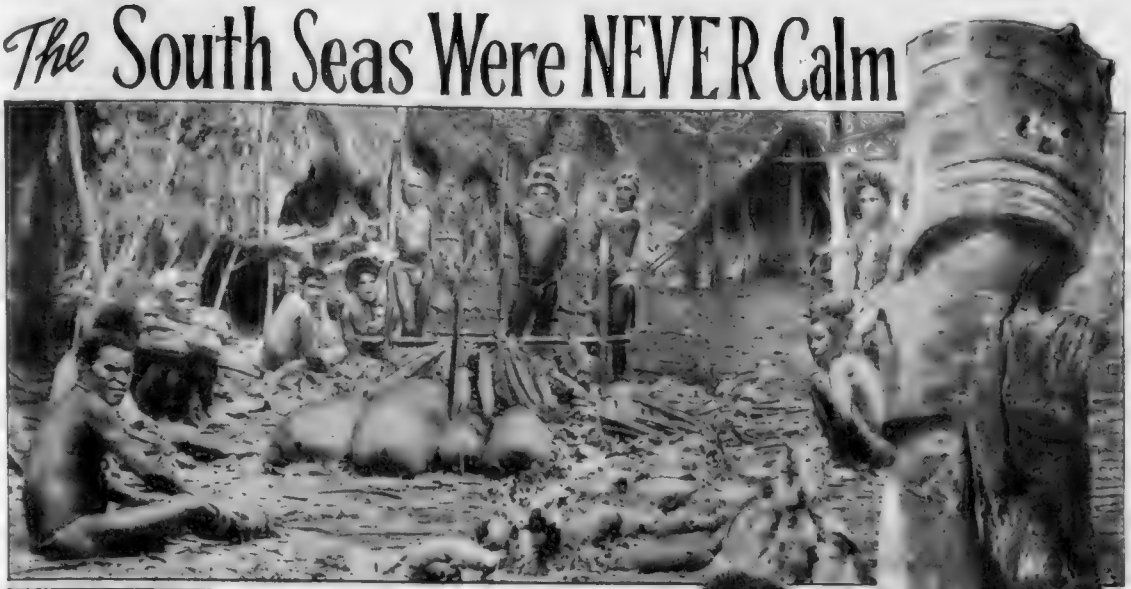
"'Melican no good," he announced. "We cook you."

"What for? I ain't done nothing."

"Your brother killed a man, broke vahine tapu."

The girl screamed something and ran back to

The South Seas Were NEVER Calm



Hospitable Polynesians Used Every Occasion as an Excuse for a Feast of Pigs, Fowl, Taro, Yams, Sweet Potatoes and Fish Cooked in Pits Under Grass and Seaweed. These Often Lasted for Days and Nights.

Simple, Affectionate, Carefree Polynesian Beauties Changed Many a Hardworking Sailorman Into a Lazy, Happy-Go-Lucky Beachcomber.

James. She held him close while she volleyed words to her father. The chief stepped back, mouth open, and scratched a tattoo on his chest and weighed the fate of James.

Someone brought water and food and the girl took it and fed James. She seemed to be pleading with her father and he went outside, shouting to the villagers about the paepae.

Then they heard the drums, from somewhere up the coast, bonging and thudding above the ceaseless roar of surf. The natives listened, then one raced away and James heard a near-by drum booming furiously.

"Oomoa will fight," the chief called in. "Melican mate want Tamati. Long time before Hanavave man fight Oomoan."

James understood that there had been an age-old feud between the two villages. It appeared that the mate had jumped ship and persuaded the Oomoans to fight the Hanavave men for the girl.

And that afternoon the Mystic sailed away.

"Melican mate fight us," the chief said.

"I'll fight him," James said. "I'll fight him one-handed."

There was a babble of excited voices and the girl, Tamati, ran in smiling brilliantly and smelled him, her soft little nose rubbing gently against his face in their old-time custom.

"Shucks," mumbled James and kissed her in proper Christian fashion. The chief grinned benevolently.

"If I beat Thatcher," James said to him, "do I get the chance to pay my respects to the lady?"

"Me, vahine, b'long you," she said shyly.

"Gee whizz!" was all that James could say.

All that night the drums roared and at dawn the villagers went to the high place overlooking the Oomoa valley. Across it was the enemy.

"Bring out your strong men that we may prepare them for our ovens," they yelled.

"Oh, pigs!" screeched the Hanavave men. "Hide your vahines lest we enslave them."

Then they all climbed down to the valley and formed a hundred yards apart. James could see Thatcher swaggering up and down before them.

"Look out, he's got a musket!"

But it banged and a Hanavave man dropped screaming.

Then the enemy rushed, but the slings were whirling, and round, polished stones, big as oranges, crashed among them.

One caught James in the leg and he dropped.

As he limped away he saw Thatcher swinging a razor-sharp whale spade and firing a big pistol. The mate saw him.

"By God, I've got ye, me fine buck. Thought ye'd——"

But a swirl of men got between them and James hobbled off to shelter. On the high place he found his harpoon, and, gritting his teeth firmly against the agony of his leg, returned.

He could hear death yells as toawood clubs crashed and he saw that the Hanavaveans were scared of Thatcher, who swung his spade in glittering circles, inflicting horrible wounds on all who came within his reach.

"Lemme at him!"

JAMES shoved forward, loosing the coil of whaleline. He took off the leather head sheath from his harpoon. The natives fell back.

"Come close, scum," howled the mate, who was drunk as a lord.

Grimly James moved in. The pistol banged and he felt a searing jolt in his left arm.

Thatcher dropped the useless pistol and, swinging the spade, charged him. But James halted, poised the iron and, waiting, threw it. The sharp toggle-head struck Thatcher in the shoulder as he ducked and James dropped, hauling the line.

Thatcher screamed, tugging at the head of the harpoon. He dropped his spade to try to free himself, but the pitiless line tugged him close, until he was grovelling at James' feet, screaming loudly.

And before James could do a thing, a foaming native rushed forward and clubbed the mate.

Everyone saw it and the Oomoans retreated, pursued by the now triumphant Hanavaveans.

That night the victors crouched on their paepaes, watching their cooking fires. The drums echoed over the booming sea and far along the coast they could hear the mourning song of the Oomoans.

When all was over James and Tamati were married according to the native custom.

He lived there all his life from then on, and his proudest day came when he persuaded the Oomoans to bury their feud with the Hanavaveans.

It was days before the celebration ceased and James had much trouble before they would let him bury the dead Thatcher.

The battle valley became a garden where the old-time enemies met and intermarried.

Last I heard of the place, an old Swiss lived there in great content. But the Marquesans have died off like flies.

It was soon after James' time that a whaler left a sailorman there to die of the T. B.

The natives looked after him like he was one of their own and hundreds of them caught the disease.

I hope that when this war is over the Marquesans will have a chance to live decently again and may be clear themselves of the diseases and wrongs that have brought them from a great people to a few unhappy souls.

The End.

Few Marquesa Natives Remember the Origin of Their High Gods But They Worship Them With Utter Faith in Their Power as Luck-Bringers in Love, Battle and Business.

Brave Natives Drove a Plug Into the Whale's Spout, Believing It Would Keep Him Afloat Until He Could Be Killed. (Allen Forbes Collection.)

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Authorities often quote The American Weekly.

Worked 20 Years *Writing His Will*

FOR 20 years, Leonard Morgan May, one of London's best known lawyers, kept a mysterious "little black book," in which he scribbled notations at odd hours of the day and night.

Friends of the barrister were often puzzled by the secretive way in which he made these entries, but he never offered any explanation.

The little book was in constant use. Sometimes after buying a newspaper Mr. May would stop and inscribe something in it. Then again he would jot down a note after coming out of a barber shop. Rarely was he seen without his book.

For two decades his fellow lawyers wondered about May's strange actions and, whenever they got together in London's famed Lincoln's Inn, the talk invariably swung around to the little black book.

Now the mystery has been solved. The Britisher's recent death at the age of 60, and the subsequent settling of his estate disclosed that the dog-eared book in which he had made such meticulous memos was the key to his $366,000 will.

Leonard May had, in effect, been writing that will for 20 years. In the book, which he started in 1923, the lawyer wrote down the names of all the people who had been good to him. If a newsboy spoke a friendly word, or a cabbie was extra polite, or a waitress gave unusual service, the lawyer made a note of it.

He was determined to repay their kindnesses, and, as the terms of his last testament disclosed, he did. Among the scores of his beneficiaries were people from all walks of life. Typical of the bequests were these two —"to A. Dorville, cabbie, $100; to John Elliot, newsdealer at Blackheath Station, $50."

Besides putting down the names of people who were good to him, the barrister also made a record of those on whom he took pity. For example, he referred in his book to a young woman client because he felt sorry that she was "fat and ugly."

In drawing up these bequests, May was only accomplishing what a lot of people often think they would like to do, but never quite get around to.

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3656—Smart two-piecer. Sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

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MAKE THE MOST OF MEAT! When preparing meat, save the trimmings, and collect a "bonus." Simmered with vegetables and seasoned, they make delicious and nourishing soups.— *Mrs. J. Vaughan, Easthampton, Mass.* • • • —

When making wash dresses, new scraps of material in seams. After many washings, if dresses need patching, the patch will match the dress, instead of being noticeably new and bright. — *Mrs. Marvin F. Harbert, Carrollton, Mo.*

• • • —

UTENSIL SAVER • When my pie tins become dark and rusty, I dip a raw potato in Sunbrite Cleanser and use it to scour the tin. Gets rid of rust spots in a jiffy.— *Bertha Sather, St. Paul, Minn.*

Susie S. says:
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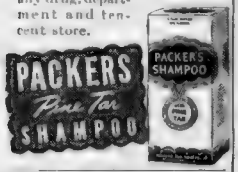

Vamped the World—But Can't Lure a Servant

TIME was when sultry-eyed Theda Bara was rated as the world's No. 1 vampire. In movie after movie she always got her men and the customers sat fascinated while the hero struggled to resist her perfumed allure.

Some people still think Theda was the greatest cinema enchantress—but all her insidious charms have not helped her make friends with or influence the servants she needs to run her Beverly Hills mansion.

Possibly modern butlers, cooks, upstairs maids and gardeners are of a generation that doesn't know that the former movie queen is irresistible and it's tougher than ever on Theda since she's gone in for social arbiting in a big way.

It's not that she hasn't tried to staff her house. Her friends say she hasn't missed a bet, including cajolery, charm, flattery and every trick in the book. But the actress who once upon a time never failed to snare all the males in sight now can't get even one to so much as peel a potato, dry a dish or sweep a floor.

Hollywood old-timers never thought they would live to see the luscious Theda doing her own inside work and her husband pushing a lawnmower and, to their way of thinking, there's something almost shameful about it that causes some of her admirers to shake their heads sadly at what the world has come to.

Some years ago when there was no servant shortage, one of the charmer's Oriental fans wrote her a letter from Peking, China, offering to work for her, but he made the ghastly mistake of mentioning nudity, a subject about which she is highly sensitive. The admirer asked the actress: "Please send me your honorable photograph, as honorably soon as possible and as honorably naked as possible and maybe I come work for you."

Although in those days Theda was cast in roles calling for costumes of little more than a veil or two and a few festoons of synthetic pearls, she nevertheless considered the letter offensive and failed to pay the writer the courtesy of a reply.

Times being what they are, however, with many a high-salaried star being forced to make her own coffee mornings and do other menial jobs around the house, a similar letter now might possibly get an entirely different reception in the Bara household.

Theda's fan mail today has fallen off to a mere trickle. She made her last film appearance in 1926 and it is not likely that many young servants have ever heard of her. So the odds against her receiving such an important message might be pretty large.

Accustomed as is Hollywood to strange sights, the movie capital somehow can't get used to seeing a famous femme fatale unable even to vamp a houseboy and forced to squeeze her own orange juice. Unless Theda can get her old magic working again soon, the elite who throng her drawing rooms may yet have to pitch in and help the lady with the housework.

CENTRAL SERVICE

Time Was When Theda Bara Cast a Spell on Millions of Movie-Goers—But Her Exotic Feminine Charms Seem to Leave Domestic Workers Cold.

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ROW AGAINST ROW TESTS

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Above, Vigoro-fed, below unfed beets

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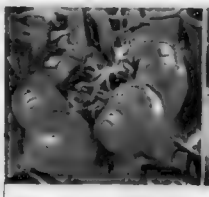

***"I was astonished** by the results I got with Vigoro Victory Garden Fertilizer! Yield and flavor were so *much* better, and those vegetables *must* have had far greater nutritional value!"*
W. W. Moyle, Charlotte, N. C.

***Mrs. Hooper checked carefully.** "I got better yields from every row fed Vigoro Victory Garden Fertilizer! My Vigoro-fed beans more than doubled the weight of those from the unfed plants!"*
Chicago, Ill.

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The Judge Says a Man's Home IS His Castle

HEN PECKED husbands the world over secretly nurse a yen to throw their "in-laws" out of the house. They have found a stalwart champion in Frank Jenner, an Englishman who not only gave his wife's relatives the bum's rush but went into court to prove that he had a right to do it.

This new hero of the downtrodden firmly took the stand that a man's home is his castle, and that if he wants to toss out relatives by marriage, who've taken up squatter's rights, he can whether his spouse approves or not.

Magistrates at Tonbridge, England, who recently heard his plea, cocked a sympathetic ear. In a decision, which may go down in the history of jurisprudence as the Jenner Emancipation Proclamation, the judges ruled that a husband has an "absolute right" to decide who can and can not cross his threshold.

To his wife Annie, who was seeking a divorce on grounds of cruelty, the court said that she couldn't charge him with meanness just because he gave her family the old heave-ho. The magistrates dismissed her application.

Jenner, whose "castle" consisted of a hedge-enclosed six-room house named "The Haven," worked in Birmingham, according to the court testimony, and spent the week ends at his Tonbridge home. Every time he arrived, he testified, he found his wife's family camped for the night.

"That isn't right," commented the chief magistrate. "When a man comes home occasionally he doesn't want to find his wife's family in the house. That happens to too many husbands."

Jenner, a short, thick-set man of 50, and a typical middle-class English husband, literally crowed with delight when the judges told his wife that he had not overstepped his bounds in bouncing his wife's folks.

"Annie didn't see the right side of things," he commented after the case was over, "but now the court has made her."

Although Jenner won his point and his castle is his to run as he pleases, his victory, at the moment, is a rather hollow one, for he has to do his own dishes and housecleaning. The missus, although told by the court that Mr. Jenner was only exercising his rightful prerogative, is determined not to return.

"My husband is a very masterful man," she said. "He has always said that he will be absolute master in his own home, and now the courts have confirmed him. I haven't yet decided what I shall do, but I am certainly not going to give in."

The Englishman Tossed His Wife's Folks Out of the House—and the English Courts Heartily Backed Him Up.

Great Britain's newspapers were flooded with letters about the important decision. Almost without exception, husbands complimented Mr. Jenner—but most of the letter-writing wives were irate against the Tonbridge tosser-outer and the judge who backed him up in his forthright dealings with his in-laws. Some of the most caustic communications came from mothers-in-law.

Coming as it does right on the heels, so to speak, of another important decision regarding what wives can and cannot do in the matter of "chiseling" on the household money, the Jenner case has caused quite a furore.

The case that preceded it has not, in fact, stepped down out of the limelight and seems destined to go on as a feminist cause celebre for a long time. And the Jenner suit may have a similar fate.

The altercation over who gets the household dough that a thrifty wife is able to put away was settled in Oxford County Court recently when a Judge Hurst decided that such savings belong to the husband.

But that didn't suit the Married Women's Association at all. Now its members are circulating a petition to get the decision repealed.

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Crisco is the only shortening you can buy that gives you *all* these things: (1) Fried foods so *digestible* children may eat them; (2) *Lighter* cakes than even the most expensive shortening; (3) A *sure* way to get flaky, tender pie crust. Use pure, all-vegetable Crisco for *all* your cooking!

SKILLET CODFISH WITH CREAMED EGGS

½ lb. salt codfish
3 cups diced potatoes
2 eggs, beaten
¼ cup hot milk
1 tbsp. Crisco

Soak codfish. Drain and break into pieces. Add potatoes; cover with boiling water and simmer 20 min. or until potatoes are tender. Drain and mash thoroughly. Add beaten eggs, Crisco and milk. Transfer to hot skillet containing enough melted Crisco to cover bottom. Cover; fry slowly until crisp and brown on bottom. (Remember—foods fried crisp and light in Crisco are so *digestible* children may eat them!) Turn upside down on plate. Serve alone or with *creamed eggs:* Melt 3 tbsps. Crisco; blend with 3 tbsps. flour. (No need to use butter! Crisco makes delicious, smooth-as-satin sauces.) Stir in 1½ cups milk. Cook till thickened. Season to taste. Add about 4 sliced hard-cooked eggs. All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6*

LENTEN SUPPER PIE

2 cups flaked cooked fish
2 cups cooked vegetables (peas, celery, carrots)
2 cups medium white sauce

Mix fish, vegetables and white sauce. Season. Pour into casserole. Cover with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25-30 min. *Crisco Pastry:* Sift 1½ cups flour and ½ tsp. salt into a bowl. Take out ¼ cup of this flour and mix it with 3 tbsps. water to make a paste. To remaining flour (1¼ cups) add ½ cup Crisco; cut in till pieces are size of small peas. Next, add flour-paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix *thoroughly* till dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. Roll out ⅛ inch thick; cut in narrow strips. This easy Crisco Pastry Method is *sure-fire!* You'll get flaky, tender, digestible pie crust every time! All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6.*

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"Specially, he notices my hands! Tells me now and then how much he loves them, how pretty they are!

"But he tells me when he doesn't like things, too! Like when I was using strong washday soap for dishes! Were my hands rough and red! But now I've learned no soap can beat gentle Ivory's 'velvet suds' for SPEED!

"And it took only 12 days for my hands to get softer, smoother, whiter after I switched to Ivory Soap. The very soap doctors advise for baby's tender skin!

"COSTS SO LITTLE, TOO—I do ALL my dishes for only about a penny a day with pure, mild Ivory...Talk about inexpensive beauty habits!

"If you've been ruining your hands with strong soap—see for yourself what a big difference Ivory can make when you really stick to it! Yes, you, too, can get that lovely 'Ivory look'....in just **12 Days!**"

P. S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials—Save soap to help win the war! Use up every sliver in a wire shaker. 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...It floats.

Your child MUST have IRON for good red blood

Put extra iron in your child's school lunch with Brer Rabbit Gingerbread.

YOUNGSTERS love the tempting flavor of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses. And tests have shown it is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use.

Three tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses supply about one-third of minimum daily iron requirements.

One tablespoon of Brer Rabbit added to a glass of cold or warm milk makes a delicious milk shake rich in iron and calcium.

Two Flavors: GOLD LABEL—highest quality, fancy, light molasses. Delicious on pancakes, waffles, bread, cereals, and for a *delicately* flavored milk shake. Fine for baking, too.

GREEN LABEL—dark and full-flavored. Recommended for cooking and a *richly* flavored milk shake

FREE Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc. New Orleans, La. Dept. W 305-4

● Send me—free—Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 115 fine molasses recipes. Also pamphlet on children's iron needs

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City _____ State _____

MILLIONS HERE EXPECTED ATTACK

It happens every year. There is always a time when it seems like everybody has a cold attack. At this time be prepared, and remember Penetro, a salve with modern medication in a base containing same kind of old fashioned mutton suet grandma used. Works 2 ways (1) Inside, Penetro's vapors soothe and comfort, help reduce nasal congestion. (2) Outside, Penetro acts like a helpful plaster and stimulates circulation. Only 25c. Double supply 50c. Get Penetro.

Always demand St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

STOP WEAR AND TEAR ON YOUR BOULARS

Ever-Ready Oil 10c

Housewife's Food Almanack

SOLDIER CASSEROLE

"THIS casserole dish just hits the spot with my family and I know our soldier boys would love to sit down to a helping of this very tasty food," writes Mrs. Annie Bake, Windsor, Canada.

1½ pounds round beef steak cut thin or ground
Potatoes, onions, carrots, celery
Flour, salt and pepper to taste
2 or 3 sliced tomatoes or tomato catsup, water
Butter or bits of beef suet

"Cut steak in one-inch squares or grind it. Cover bottom of casserole with the steak squares and add two layers of thinly sliced raw potatoes and a layer of thinly sliced onions. Then a layer each of raw carrots and celery cut thin and 2 tablespoons flour sprinkled over all with a dash of salt and pepper.

"Add these alternately till casserole is full. Take ¾ cup tomato catsup or 2 or 3 sliced tomatoes and enough water to cover all. Place a little of the beef fat on top or two tablespoons butter and bake in oven 350 degrees for 1½ hours.

"Serves six. There will never be any left over."

Bake, we asked a group of women who have sons in the war to sample your Soldier Casserole. Every one of them asked for your recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

It's the Gravy Makes the Difference

By LOUISE SCHAD, New York City.

I ONCE listened for twenty minutes while a French chef explained a wonderful sauce that was "good for everything," only to discover that he was laboriously describing my childhood and ever-after love, American cream gravy.

When I was a little girl, cream or brown gravy, to be "sopped up" by bread or hot biscuits, or poured over potatoes or rice or toast, was a stand-by. In these days when meat must be "expendable" I have found these gravies again. No wonder they were the stand-bys of the pioneer days.

The start of both cream and brown gravy is the same. You stew or steam or fry any kind of meat. In the resulting fat and meat juice you drop just enough flour to make a bubbling but not too thick mass, stirring well. Then pour in enough milk, evaporated milk, water or thin broth, to make the gravy. Stir over a hot fire, then let the gravy simmer for fifteen minutes over a low fire.

It may be brown gravy, with water or broth.

It is "cream" with fresh thin milk, evaporated milk or thin cream.

The variations are many. Pork chops take the brown variety and with the gravy one chop to each person will satisfy. Shoulder chops of lamb—the cheapest of all the chops, if "smothered" for half an hour after being browned, are tender and provide a lot of pan juice for the brown or cream variety.

ORANGE CAKE

"THE recipe that I use for orange sponge cake is original with my family," writes Mrs. C. V. McCullough, Cleveland, Ohio. "It has been handed down for generations. I make it as follows and it's good.

4 eggs
1½ cups sugar
½ cup orange juice
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

"Separate the eggs and beat the yolks until they are lemon colored. Add the sugar gradually and 2 tablespoons of the orange juice. Mix well and add the dry ingredients, which have been sifted, to the mixture, alternately with the rest of the orange juice. Whip whites of eggs stiff and add last. Bake in a loaf pan one hour at 325 degrees."

(Mrs. McCullough, your cake delighted the group of young war brides who sampled it for us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

ROMME GROT—A TREAT FOR YOUNGSTERS

"This is one of my great-grandmother's hand-me-down recipes," writes Mrs. Donald Wing of Timmer, North Dakota. "It is one of the old Norwegian cream puddings. I hope you like it.

1 pint very thick, slightly sour cream
½ cup water (to rinse cream from jar)
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 pint of hot milk
Sugar and cinnamon

"Cook cream and water very gently 45 minutes to one hour, stirring occasionally. Add paste of salt and flour with a little cold water, stirring thoroughly. Cook until thick and butter fat comes out on top. Remove fat and save. Stir in hot milk and whisk briskly with flat wire beater. Pudding should be very smooth and creamy. Pour into bowl and make depressions on top to hold butter fat.

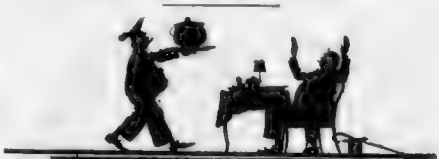
"Serve hot in dessert dishes and pass sugar and cinnamon to sprinkle on top. The pudding is not a success unless the butter fat comes out on top, after flour is added."

(Mrs. Wing, this is a fine pudding recipe and a prize winner.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"HERE is a dish my mother served us when we were small," writes Mrs. Anton Wolf, Cornell, Illinois. "We always called it just 'Hancock.'

"Fry a medium-size, finely-chopped onion in a little lard, butter or bacon fat in a skillet until nicely browned. Then add four or five slices of bread which has been cubed, and when the bread is browned, add enough liquid to moisten well. Soup stock, or even potato water will do very well. Beat up 2 or 3 eggs and stir into the first mixture, add salt and pepper to taste. A little sage, dried celery leaves or parsley will add to the flavor. Serve hot."

As Early as 100 B. C., According to Archeologists, Rome Had Public Buffet Counters Somewhat Like Modern Frankfurter Stands



"HERE is a recipe I am submitting in behalf of a little San Francisco woman, Mrs. Mary Kuhl, who has had long years of experience in French and American cooking," writes Mrs. Theresa J. Paulian of that city. "I think you will agree with me that she has combined the two types of cooking in these delicious meat balls to make a sturdy entree.

2 pounds hamburger
½ cup rice
2 slices bread (crumbed)
1 cup ripe olives, chopped
1 cup raisins, chopped
1 bay leaf
Parsley, Marjoram, Garlic, Chervil, Sage, Thyme, Pepper, Salt — To taste

"Mix the above ingredients thoroughly. Then in a heavy stew pot (hers is cast iron), fry a generous piece of salt pork, cut up. Add to this 3 or 4 onions and 2 or 3 carrots, also cut up, and brown slightly. Do not allow them to burn or become hard. Then add boiling water to half fill the pot.

"Roll the Meat Balls in flour and drop in the pot. Turn down the gas and cook very slowly for about two hours, the pot being covered, of course."

Mrs. Kuhl adds that if, with the above, you serve a good Romaine salad, with a touch of garlic, and some delicious fresh French bread, there is nothing better.

(Mrs. Paulian, we are grateful to both you and Mrs. Kuhl for this very fine dish. It will go into our file of finest recipes.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"LEFTOVERS" HASH FOR A FILLING SANDWICH

"THIS is delicious as the main dish of a meal or grand for sandwiches," writes Mrs. A. F. Gentry, Los Angeles, California.

"Grind together left-over roast, one large onion and one large potato. Brown in shortening, add gravy left from roast with a small amount of water. (The water may not be needed.) Simmer for fifteen minutes. Season well.

"This dish may also be cooked by baking it in the oven. It is certainly a simple meat stretcher."

(Mrs. Gentry—Your "leftovers" hash makes a pleasing light luncheon when served with a green salad and a simple dessert.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"IF YOUR family likes something just a wee bit different and very delicious for breakfast, why don't you try some of my 'bread cakes'?" writes Mrs. Lotta M. Coull, Gloucester, Mass.

"Take well dried bread crumbs, soak overnight in just enough milk to soften them. In the morning add a pinch of salt, beat the crumbs until smooth, add two well beaten eggs. Then drop by spoonfuls upon a hot griddle."

(Mrs. Coull, we are grateful to you for this [illegible].—Mary Lee Swann.)

HAVE YOU A $10 PRIZE WINNING RECIPE?

If so it belongs right here on this page. Send in your original recipes today. Perhaps one or more will win $10 in cash or War Savings Stamps if selected by the judges. No recipes can be returned. Address THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK, BOX 191, GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK CITY.

"Twice as important—now that I'm working twice as hard!"

No wonder busy women turn to Bon Ami when they clean sinks and stoves, bathtubs and refrigerators. It's so quick, convenient, easy to use. Wipes away dirt and grease in a jiffy. But even more than that! Bon Ami *polishes as it cleans*... helps keep your hard-to-replace kitchen and bathroom equipment always looking its best! Plan to use it regularly.

Bon Ami
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"hasn't scratched yet!"

Thousands of readers of this magazine have filed the great stories which have appeared in it in their libraries where they may be re-read time and time again, just like a good book.

Got to make the old stuff do?
'Cause they aren't making new?
Want to grumble and stew?

WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S !

FOLKS SAY IT'S MY WONDERFUL, SLOW-RIPENED FLAVOR THAT MAKES ME TASTE BETTER. SEEMS I'M RICHER, MORE MELLOW, BECAUSE I'M A FINER TEA!

"THAT'S WHY PEOPLE DRINK MORE OF LIPTON'S THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF TEA!"

In packages and tea bags

Simplify your plumbing problems

By Mrs. Christine Frederick
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

WINTER is the season for frozen pipes and temperamental plumbing in general. Hence, it is only common sense to be forewarned with a knowledge of "what to do before the plumber arrives," and to take the advance ounce of prevention which should save a needless and messy job, not to mention a staggering bill.

By taking care of bathtub, basin and sink as part of the regular cleaning day routine, there is much less chance of serious and sudden disaster. Use a stout wire bent like a hook—hairpin will do—to fish out the hair and lint clogged up underneath the drain opening; then flush well with scalding water to wash down grease and waste.

To Prevent Clogging

If the bath water runs out slowly, look for serious rust or other clogging, and use, according to specified directions, one of the commercial preparations for opening drains; also use the handy little tool known as "plumber's friend," which has a rubber suction cup fitted to a short handle. Plunge it vigorously up and down over the drain opening, then flush well with hot water.

The last manipulation in extreme cases is to remove the plug from the U-shaped pipe which is beneath the sink or handbasin; place bucket under while working, to catch the drip, and insert a stout but flexible wire up into the pipe while flushing sink or basin with scalding water.

Practically the same treatment is followed in toilet stoppage, where the handy plunger should be placed over the outlet in the toilet bowl, and worked up and down to secure good suction. Sometimes the flush handle on the outside of the tank only needs tightening; if the water continues to flush, quite probably the rubber "ball" in the tank has worn out and must be replaced. These can be purchased, and replaced by any home handy woman: turn off water supply; lift up top of flush tank; hold metal rod connected to ball; unscrew old ball, replace and turn on water again.

Frozen Pipes

If pipes are discovered to be frozen, immediately turn off water supply at the main source; then, open the faucets first, and start thawing out at the faucet end; apply cloths wrung out of hot water, or apply an electric flatiron if the pipe is accessible to such aid. However, if the trouble lies in a "hidden pipe," the job is one for a plumber. If some pipe merely leaks in a visible section of the piping, as often happens around a shower-head, try holding it with a section of old tire or a piece of leather tied over with a cotton bandage firmly bound with wire.

Leaks

The housekeeper at all times should attend promptly to any leaking faucets. When water drips, it means the washer is worn out.

Keep an assortment of the new composition type washers on hand for emergencies. To replace: shut off water; grasp faucet firmly using a small wrench, with a piece of cloth between wrench and the nut, to protect faucet from scars; when faucet handle comes off, bringing old washer with it, unloosen center screw with screwdriver; put in new washer, turning dull side toward the supply pipe; replace screw and tighten nut. If faucet turns hard, use drop of oil in the socket.

Your plumbing fixtures all need good care. Today a bathtub is as scarce an item as a refrigerator or typewriter and cannot be duplicated for the duration.

Timely Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast
Sliced Grapefruit, Potato Cakes, Bacon, Coffee.
Luncheon
Oxtail Soup, Stuffed Tomatoes, Rolls, Tea.
Dinner
Cream Celery Soup, Pork Shoulder and Dumplings, Baked Spinach, Cauliflower Salad, Pecan Pie.

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Orange Juice, Shirred Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon
Vegetable Chowder, Hot Potato Salad, Crisp Rye Crackers, Tea.
Dinner
Pot Roast with Potatoes and Carrots, Green Beans, Fruit Salad, Custard Pie, Rolls.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Pineapple Juice, Ham Omelet, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon
Carrot Juice, Baked Hash, Green Salad, Rolls.
Dinner
Tomato Soup, Meat Roll, Green Rice, Baked Squash, Parsley Potato, Cole Slaw, Ice Cream, Coffee.

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Orange Juice, Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon
Lentil Soup, Ham Loaf, Rolls, Apple Crisp.
Dinner
Jellied Soup, Beef Stew and Dumplings, Harvard Beets, Green Salad, Mocha Custard.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Griddle Cakes, Sausage, Coffee.
Luncheon
Macaroni Salad, Cheese Muffins, Tea.
Dinner
Celery Soup, Roast Chicken, Spanish Rice, Carrots and Peas, Rolls, Fruit Salad or Apple Pie, Coffee.

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Orange Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Rye Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon
Corn Chowder, Walnut Loaf, Carrot Salad, Muffins, Tea or Cocoa.
Dinner
Tomato and Parsley Salad, Stuffed Pork Steak, Baked Potatoes, Eggplant, Fruit Tart.

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Sliced Oranges, Hot Cereal, Corn Waffles, Sausage, Coffee.
Dinner
Clear Soup, Fried Chicken, Green Peas, Baked Potato, Grape Salad, Rolls, Raisin Pie, Coffee.
Supper
Cheese Souffle, Green Salad, Muffins, Coffee.

ADVERTISEMENT

"MAN FARE"

by Betty Crocker

● MEAT CURRY in Biscuit Rings: Robust-flavored stew, crusty biscuit. Man fare! Cut 1 lb. veal, beef, or lamb shoulder into 1½-inch pieces. Roll in seasoned flour. Brown all sides in hot drippings. Add:

3 cups Diced Celery — 2 tsp. Salt
4 cups Boiling Water — ¼ tsp. Pepper

Simmer 1 hr. Blend together 3 tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. curry powder, ¼ cup cold water; stir into hot stew. Cook 10 min. more. Add 3 drops Kitchen Bouquet, if desired. Delicious, served hot on crusty biscuit rings.

• • •

● *Bisquick Biscuit Rings: Make biscuit dough simply by adding milk to Bisquick (see package). Roll ¼ inch thick. Cut "doughnut" rings with 3 and 3-in. cutters. Bake. Use centers for little extra biscuits.*

• • •

6 INGREDIENTS, including shortening, in Bisquick! Pure vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. We mix all six to save you work. Let Bisquick help.

• • •

GREEN, GOLD AND WHITE SALAD: Fresh spinach (break up larger leaves), orange sections, and shredded cabbage—tossed together lightly with French dressing.

• • •

● BACON MUFFINS: Awfully good, especially with egg dishes, say my staff. Make muffins the easy way—just by adding *milk, 1 egg, a touch of sugar,* to *Bisquick* (see package). At the last, blend in *½ cup broken, well drained, broiled bacon* (about 6 strips in ½" pieces).

• • •

EASY!... making things with Bisquick. Cuts work almost in two. And calamity-proof. For waffles, pancakes, dumplings, biscuits, etc.

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 621, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

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SURVEY SHOWS
Many Doctors Recommend SCOTT'S!

★ HELPS BUILD STAMINA
★ HELPS BUILD ACTUAL RESISTANCE TO COLDS

Try *good-tasting* Scott's Emulsion! Contains *natural* A & D Vitamins that help bring back energy and stamina if there is dietary deficiency of these elements. *Take it daily.*

Help...

for you busy housewives !

WITH SOUPS

WITH SALADS

AS A FOOD EXTENDER

WITH SPREADS

The family standby !

Need help in preparing meals... feeding hungry youngsters after school? Then, you'll surely welcome that handy family standby, Krispy Crackers!

Baked by Sunshine's Accordion Fold Process, these crisp crackers offer round-the-clock convenience, because they're always ready to serve. Keep them on the table all through meals — their delicate nut-like flavor has an almost magic way of making other foods taste better... They're perfect, too, for stretching rationed foods and leftovers.

Try them! See for yourself what a great help Sunshine Krispy Crackers really can be *to you!*

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

IT'S SMOOTHER CREAMIER
A BLEND OF THE FINEST SPICES AND MUSTARD SEED MONEY CAN BUY!
THAT'S WHY IT'S THE LARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN THE U.S.A. TODAY!
HOT DAN
French's
MUSTARD

For a grand spread instead of butter, blend 2 tbsp. French's into 4 tbsp. cream cheese. It blends in perfectly, adds just the right zest!

Great FOR BALANCED DIETS!

Red Heart Dog Biscuits are the *dog owner's* best friend! They help keep pets healthy, happy, looking their very best. And for necessary gnawing exercise, flavor goodness—dogs prefer 'em, now as always. Thrifty to feed, too!

So ask *your* grocer for Red Heart Dog Biscuits—*heart-shaped* or *kibbled*. They come in handy 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Ia.

RED HEART DOG BISCUITS

BUY WAR BONDS

"O-O-O-O MY FEET!"

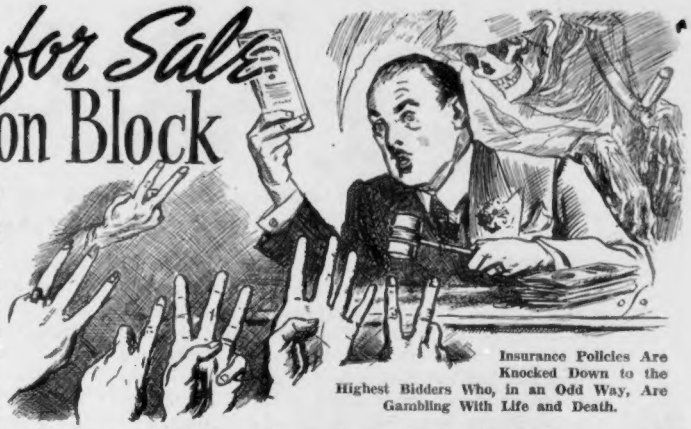
WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN. TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.

QUICK RELIEF!

GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES ★ AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
BORAX, IODIDE AND BRAN

Lives for Sale on the Auction Block



Insurance Policies Are Knocked Down to the Highest Bidders Who, in an Odd Way, Are Gambling With Life and Death.

ONE of the strangest and eeriest auctions in the world—where human lives and birthrights are bought and sold—is conducted once a month in the heart of London.

On the block—and anybody can make a bid—are life insurance policies which are being disposed of by people who need ready cash and who want to get more than the ordinary surrender value.

The purchasers of this unusual merchandise continue to make the premium payments and, as beneficiaries, receive the money—if and when the insured dies.

The auctioneer at these odd sales is 75-year-old William Howard Carpenter, who has been selling lives and birthrights at the rate of $2,500,000 a year for the last 40 years.

The sales are conducted in a small room on the first floor of the London Auction Mart and Mr. Carpenter, who has two assistants, quietly announces the items going under the hammer.

"I have here," he intoned at a recent sale, "an insurance policy for the sum of $5,000. It was taken out in September, 1913, on a lady who is now 65 years old. The surrender value is $2,215. What am I bid?"

The first offer was for $2,275, and it was raised, and raised again, until the policy sold for $2,600. The purchaser was gambling on the early death of the little old lady. If she dies soon, he will collect $5,000—a profit of $2,400. But if she lives on, he will have to continue paying her annual premium of $150 every September to keep his investment going.

Out of this deal, the little old lady got $395 more than if she had turned in her policy for its surrender value.

At the same auction, a fully paid endowment policy for $3,750—surrender value $1,625—on a 29-year-old man was sold for $1,750.

Carpenter, who wields a small ivory hammer, often gives out details about the life of the anonymous person whose policy is on the block if they have any bearing on the speculative value.

Sometimes the gray-haired auctioneer refers to a policy as "a bit of a gamble," or as "a good thing."

At a recent sale, the offer of some insurance belonging to a man of 54 aroused a friendly discussion. His wife was 53 and the potential purchasers raised the question of her possible death. If this were to happen, he might marry again and have more children, which would divide the trust fund still further. Bidding started when Carpenter assured the assemblage that the lady concerned was in good health.

Even policies with values as high as $1,500,000 have gone on the block. Such a one, belonging to a peer, was sold a few years ago for $500,000.

Buying policies at this odd auction is a gamble, but according to the shrewd participants, it is a better risk than the stock exchange.

As often as not these contracts are put on the block for some tragic reason, but not always. Sometimes a person wants to raise ready cash to go into business. Or a policy may have been taken out to cover a risk situation which no longer exists. Rather than take the surrender value the holders prefer to sell at a profit.

Your War Bonds got the boys this far... Invest in more and keep 'em going to final Victory.

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- Developed by Betty Crocker!
- Cuts mixing time to only 4 minutes!
- Uses only 1 bowl!
- Yet gives you a more delicious cake.
- We guarantee* only Softasilk Cake Flour to work in this amazing new speed method.
- Softasilk will give you wonderful cake in any standard cake flour recipe.
- Get Betty Crocker Softasilk Cake Flour today!
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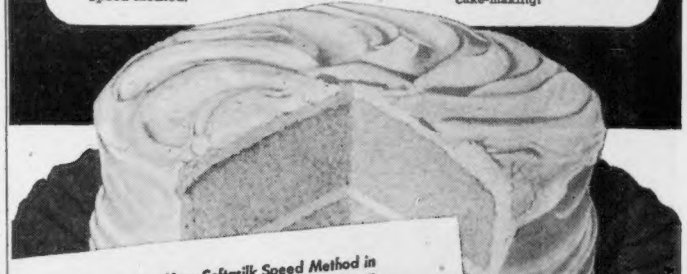

Try amazing New Softasilk Speed Method in

Silver White Layer Cake

Set out all ingredients well ahead to get to room temperature. (Shortening should be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350°. Prepare pans (see below). Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

Sift together into bowl
- 2¼ cups sifted Softasilk (the flour guaranteed to work in this recipe)
- 1½ cups sugar
- 4 or 4½ or 5 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Add . . .
- ½ cup high grade vegetable shortening (part butter adds flavor)
- ⅔ cup skimmed milk and

Mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium* speed (*or* beat with spoon) for 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl *frequently*.

Add . . .
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tsp. flavoring
- 4 large egg whites (at least ½ cup), *unbeaten*

Continue mixing 2 more min. (scraping bowl frequently). Batter is thin. Pour into 2 *well greased* and floured 8-in. round layer cake pans. Bake 30 *to* 35 *min. in mod. oven* (350°).

*4 tsp. for double-action type ("Clabber Girl," "Davis," "Calumet," "K.C." etc.); 4¼ tsp. for phosphate type ("Rumford," "Dr. Price's," etc.); 5 tsp. for tartrate type ("Royal," etc.).

NOTE: You may rest a moment when mixing by hand. Just count actual mixing time.

* FULL COST OF CAKE REFUNDED

Full cost of all ingredients in cake refunded if this New Softasilk Speed Method and Softasilk Cake Flour do not give you better results in a similar type cake than any other flour and any other recipes. General Mills, Inc.

Softasilk CAKE FLOUR

FREE! 6 other New Softasilk Speed Method recipes with package.

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Don't tell Mom

The letter in this story is quoted word for word exactly as it was written by an American doughboy.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home, what tales he'll have to tell, what adventures to unfold! History, like headlines, must deal in facts. But Johnny Doughboy thinks and fights and makes history in terms of men, of fellows like himself. To him, the War will always be his own experiences.

Johnny Doughboy—it might be the kid next door—has written just a hint of his experiences. Pfc. ——— ——— fought the Battle of Salerno, and in a letter to his brother down in Kentucky says:—

***"I had quite an experience here. We had a rough battle for a few days, and one night as a bunch of us were pulling out we were captured by the Jerries. They took us to an old farmhouse and after taking everything away from us they locked us up in the cellar. Next morning they were taking us to their prison camp and while we were going over a mountain I escaped by ducking in some brush behind a boulder.

"When the last guard passed I came out and started back down the hill. About halfway down our own artillery opened up and I had to crawl in a culvert behind the German lines. Lo and behold I couldn't get out for three days and nights! I didn't have a bite to eat or one cigarette in all that time and the rats were so big you could have thrown a saddle on them and rode 'em in the Derby*** I'm telling you it was quite an experience.

"The morning of the fourth day I came out and made my way to an Italian farmhouse, where I ate raw bacon and hard wheat bread (it tasted good to me then). About that time I would have given five dollars for a good old pack of Chesterfields. One of our patrols picked me up and took me in to headquarters*** Don't tell Mom about this—no need to worry her***"

No, Johnny, no need to worry Mom. But as long as our fighting men display the audacity and courage written between the lines of your letter, there'll be plenty to worry our enemies!

They'd rather lose their shirts than their cigarettes! And time and time again, in conversation and by letter, the fact is brought out that many a fighting man's cigarette is CHESTERFIELD . . . there's real smoking pleasure in their *Milder, Better Taste*, THEY'RE DIFFERENT, THEY SATISFY . . .

The Right Combination of
THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS
Makes the Difference

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